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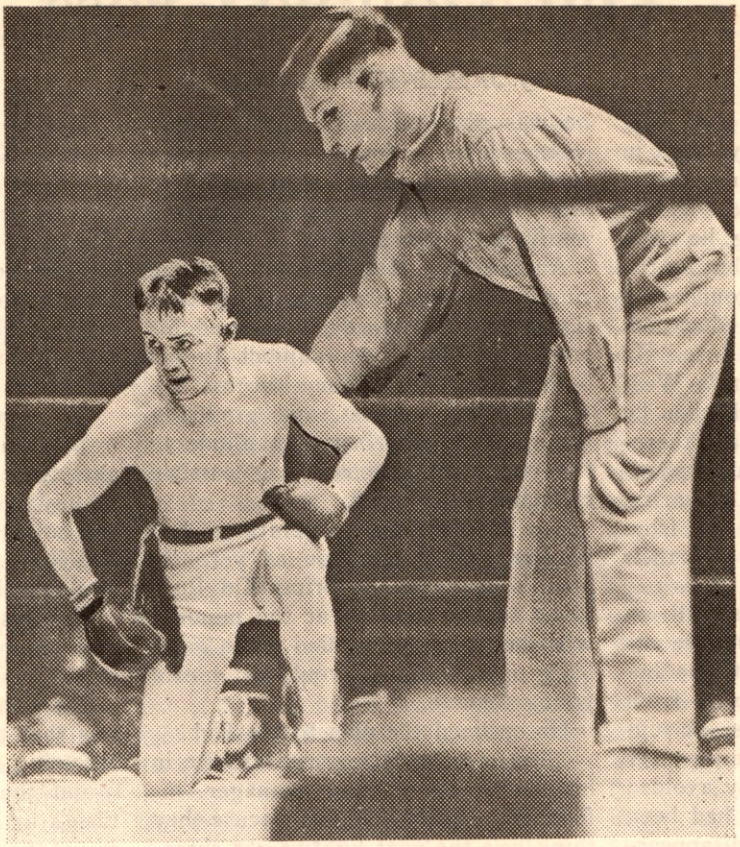

The above photo shows Eugene Criqui, world war hero, taking the count after one of his knockdowns suffered at the hands of Johnny Dundee in their bout for the world's featherweight championship. Criqui lasted the limit of fifteen rounds, but received a terrific beating, and lost the decision

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Double Cross—James K. McGuinness..... 4
When Champions Seek to Climb..... 5
As We See It (Editorial)—Nat Fleischer..... 6
Con McVey—James W. Gantz..... 8
In Days of Real Sport—Francis Albertanti 8
Boxing and Fatalities—Frank E. Coultry 9
History of Boxing—Nat Fleischer..... 10
Southpaws in Ring and on Diamond—Frederick G. Lieb 12
Thrilling Battle in Mexico—Don Cee..... 14
Fitzsimmons Holds Record for Service—Vernon Van Ness 16
Turned Defeat Into Victory—Phila. Jack O'Brien..... 18
Million Dollar Idol Smashed—John L. (Ike) Dorgan.. 18
Coffroth Compares Dempsey to Old Timers..... 19
When John L. Sullivan Met Peter Jackson—Ed Cole.... 22
When Fans Rallied to John L.—Leo P. Flynn..... 23
The Unbeatable Champ..... 23
Why They Look So Good..... 24
Boxing Results .....25 and 38
Minute Rests Between Rounds—Eddie Borden..... 26
Managers' Directory 34

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The Double-Cross

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

THE Kid didn't know any better," Joe Morey always says in explaining the occurrence, but it is my belief that the Kid did. Before his fight with Slugger Elling, he surely did not know any better, but by the time that battle rolled around Kid Rose had received a liberal education.

First, you must know Kid Rose. He was a product of New York's West Side. His parents both died when he was three and for some years thereafter he was maintained in an orphanage, which may have been a charity, but whose attendants were far from charitable in the handling of their charges.

At what popular novelists call an early age he ran away from the orphanage and from then until he became a professional boxer—from twelve until seventeen, that is—he supported himself by selling newspapers on the streets. He carefully avoided the neighborhood where he had been born until a year after his disappearance from the charitable institution, but after the danger of apprehension had passed he was again to be found, of evenings, somewhere along Hudson Street, usually close to its intersection with West Tenth.

In those days the West Side A. C. blossomed and flourished in the Fifties and was going about its usual work of producing boxers. Many a star it sent forth to conquer in the ring; and, naturally enough, it attracted the attention of him who was later to be known as Kid Rose. He became a member and, being endowed somehow with the foundation of a good physique, he developed rapidly through the combination of regular exercise and regular habits he formed there. His street sales of newspapers furnished him with enough money to insure reasonably good food, and plenty of it.

He was boxing one evening against a boy who was preparing for an amateur tournament when Joe Morey chanced into the gymnasium.

"That kid's a comer," he commented after watching him for a while.

"I think so, too," agreed Phil Brown, the old conditioner who was a shrewd judge of ability in the raw.

So the two combined to induce him who was afterwards known as Kid Rose to take up boxing as a profession. It was not hard to persuade the boy. Brought up on the streets, he was glad to learn anything that promised him a future free from the need of facing snow, sleet and long hours to make a livelihood from the retailing of newspapers.

And in time Kid Rose entered the ring. He was brought along cautiously by Joe Morey, who used his boxers chiefly as an adjunct to his betting activities. Minor success followed minor success, and gradually the sport writers began to allude to the youngster as possessing possible championship timber.

But Morey, in his operations, had no need of a champion as yet. In good time he would bring Kid Rose along to the top, but at the moment what he had most in mind was a gambling operation that would net him a young fortune.

He outlined the plan to the Kid.

"This slugger is a great favorite in his home town," the manager informed the boy. "Up in Syracuse they think he's the next lightweight champion. Now the idea is this: Ed Ruddy will give us a match with him, but we gotta play our cards the way it's put down in the book. You got that?"

The Kid had it. He never even questioned it. No one had told him anything that disagreed with such an ethical code. It was in the book. All right, let it ride that way.

"Now here's the dope," the manager went on. "We go along with them for three rounds and let them outbox us all the way. You got that? Then he fouls us in the fourth. He won't hurt you, Kid. Just low, you know, and you slide to the canvas. The referee is in and we'll get the verdict. They'll be disqualified. Well, the idea is this: Ruddy gives me their end to put up for them and we all go down, hook, line and sinker on you to win. The saps here will go for any amount on Slugger Elling.

"We get a win on the books and he don't lose much on account of being ahead all the way when he accidentally fouled. Then we can fix a return match on the up-and-up and we can take him on the level."

"All right with me, Joe," said the Kid. "What's my bit?"

"You get eight hundred and I ought to get three to one for it," said Morey. "That will make yours thirty-two hundred. Pretty sweet."

It was pretty sweet, but for one thing.

Morey engaged training quarters for the Kid outside of Syracuse, on the farm conducted by Ma Worthley, the widow of the former champion. That was according to the book, also, but the book did not contain a notation that about the time that Kid Rose arrived Elsie Mayhill, Ma's youngest niece, would decide to pay her aunt a visit.

As usual, the Kid attended to his own training. Morey was too busy getting the money down in Syracuse to pay his boxer many visits. Even had he seen the growing bond between Kid Rose and Elsie Mayhill he would not have been unduly alarmed.

"It's just as good to get them married before they grab that title," he would have said.

But what he would not have known was that the sole hitch between their becoming married, when the Kid shyly put the question two weeks after Elsie's arrival, and on the eve of the day of the fight, was the young boxer's connection with the ring. The girl was willing, but she made it contingent on his retiring.

"All right," the Kid agreed. "After this one. I got some dough in the bank and with the thirty-two hundred I get for this, I'll be able to buy myself a garage somewhere and try that game. I know autos from A to Z."

"Isn't thirty-two hundred dollars a lot of money for a fight?" objected the girl.

"It is," the Kid agreed. "You see, I only get eight hundred, but we got it fixed——" and then explained the whole affair.

There was a long and earnest discussion after that and what was said must remain unknown forever. The result, however, was apparent to Joe Morey the next afternoon, when the Kid arrived to weigh in.

"I'm goin' in to shoot tonight," the Kid said tersely; and in all the hour-long argument that followed his manager could budge him not at all. So, in disgust, Joe Morey followed the callings of his own code. He hurried to Ed Ruddy and told him how matters stood. There was another explosion then, but it died away at length and the two men agreed on another scheme.

The money was placed. Nothing could get it back; and the amount involved was too great to make hedg-

(*Continued on page* 5)

When Champions Seek to Climb

By A. D. PHILLIPS

BENNY LEONARD probably will take another crack at the welterweight title since he has about cleaned up the boys in the division over which he rules as king. That does not mean, of course, that Benny is going to abandon the lightweight crown. Nothing like that. It means simply that Benny is going out to conquer another world, so to speak.

He isn't the first champion in one division who has sought titular honors in another. It's an old habit among champions. The desire is in response to a bit of human nature that lurks in all of us. We get to thinking we can whip the world once we whip some pretty good boys around our own size. Professional boxers aren't any different than just ordinary mortals.

Now and then we see a fighter who really is able to go into a division heavier than his rightful one and create havoc among the boys there. Take Bob Fitzsimmons, for example. Bob was a middleweight, but he fought heavyweights and finally landed the heavyweight championship.

Joe Walcott was a welterweight but he thought nothing of fighting heavyweights. He was a freak of nature. His long arms were decorated with huge ham-like fists. He was clever and fast and hit like a ton of bricks. Men in his own class were afraid of him and Joe was forced to battle the bigger fellows to make a living.

The present featherweight champion, Johnny Dundee, fought in the lightweight class for years and years because the feathers provided little picking and Johnny Kilbane, the featherweight champion, would have nothing to do with Dundee after one test. Right now Dundee is as willing as ever to mingle with the lightweights. There are few featherweights who seem likely to give him much of an argument.

Stanley Ketchell, who was a great middleweight, one of the greatest in the history of the ring, fought heavyweights and light heavyweights, but he mingled once too often in the heavy division, the time he fought Jack Johnson. Johnson licked him easily and could have finished him anytime he chose, but let him go eleven rounds.

Sam Langford was a light heavyweight for years but fought heavyweights. He finally became so heavy that he remained in the class with the big fellows.

It is no uncommon sight these days to see bantams tackle featherweights and to see flyweights take on bantams. Johnny Buff was the world's bantamweight champion and the American flyweight champion at one and the same time.

It isn't usual for one man to hold titles in two divisions. George Dixon was both bantamweight and featherweight champion and Bob Fitzsimmons was middle and heavyweight king at the same time.

Benny Leonard just missed holding the lightweight and welterweight crowns concurrently. His bout at the New York Velodrome with Jack Britton, who then was the welterweight champion, ended in such an unsatisfactory manner that many still believe that Benny could have won if he had put his mind to it. That wasn't the first time Benny had gone among the welters, and negotiations are pending for him to have another crack at the welter title.

The Double-Cross

(*Continued from page* 4)

ing possible. The only thing left to do was to send Slugger Elling out to win by a real foul as soon as he could. So they decided.

The bell rang for the fight an instant after Kid Rose had demanded for the fiftieth time, "Did you tell 'em it was on the level, Joe?" and for the fiftieth time Morey had assured him that he did.

It needed but the first half minute of the first round to convince the Kid that the Slugger was in earnest. The few blows he landed carried quick conviction, but their sting made both men wary. Like two watchful tigers they circled, feinted and occasionally sprang at each other. So the third minute came and was passing along when, suddenly, Elling unloosed a low swing that, coming with the force of doom, landed squarely on the Kid's groin. For a second he doubled up and slowly crumbled toward the floor. The referee, who had not been informed of the change in plans, was flustered by the sudden development. The foul was to be in the fourth, he understood; and the bout could not end in the first.

Slowly, with deadening hesitation, he started to toll off the count. By careful nursing he dragged it out for twenty seconds until, as he was raising his arm for "nine," the gong came clanging to his relief with the end of the round.

During the rest period there was fury in the minds of the conspirators. Ruddy was cursing the referee for a bungler. Morey was working frantically to restore the Kid to consciousness, for if he did not respond to the bell the bout would go to his rival and the money would be lost. The fallen boxer, faintly coming back to the first glimmerings of intelligence, realized the scheme. They were really going to foul him. They had done it already. Well, that was all right, but if he won on a disqualification nothing would convince Elsie that he had not gone through with the original frame-up. He must go out and get this guy —gamble everything on one punch, because he could not go much longer before the low blow would land again.

With the far-off bang of the brass bell, Kid Rose staggered from his corner. He was not as groggy as he feigned, but he realized that the old trick was the only one he could count on now. If it did not work, he was gone. Slugger Elling, lashed by the tongue of his manager during the round, rushed out to foul at once. There would be no mistake this time. The referee had been tipped off about the change.

A groggy man before him, he pawed carefully at his defense, shifted it and made ready for the low blow. But in the instant that he drew back his right, the Kid suddenly straightened up, flashed his own right fist across in a deadly swing, and Elling fell, stricken as with death.

The referee could have counted a million. Indeed, he tried to, but even such an expert as he could not spread ten over a period of two and a half minutes. He came to the end at last. Slugger Elling was knocked out.

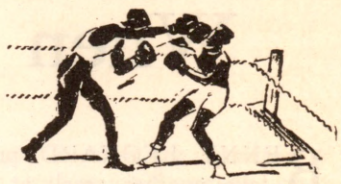
"The Kid didn't know any better. He was nutty," Joe Morey still protests to his intimates. "Why, he could have had a match with the champion and what does he do but go and get married and retire. Why, he didn't know nothing. That was his trouble. Knew nothing at all. He simply acted like a fool."

Well, maybe the Kid did not know anything, but I think he did. It is my impression that he had just learned.

As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



Playing Fair with the Public

IT is unfortunate that certain individuals, men who have reaped a fortune from the boxing game, will make excuses after being fairly defeated, as those tend to put the boxing game into disrepute. Take, for example, the statement of Jess Willard after his knockout at the hands of Luis Firpo.

Those who were among the ringsiders at this bout in Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City cannot be made to believe that the Pottawatomie Giant was not fairly licked. He met a better man physically, a younger man by at least ten years, a more hardy specimen of fighter who possesses all the traits that go with gameness and fearlessness, and one of the most terrific hitters in the history of the game. Jess knew that before he went into the ring in his attempted "comeback."

Willard, after being battered heavily about the body and face, fell to his knees, more from exhaustion than from the final blow to the jaw and those close to the ringside saw that Jess was temporarily afflicted with a paralytic stroke in the leg which prevented him not alone from arising but even from moving the right leg until several seconds after he was counted out.

Yet Jess had the audacity after the contest, to inform the public who paid the freight and enabled him to cash in more than $150,000, that he entered the ring handicapped by a sprained arm and hand. This declaration came twenty-four hours after Jess had informed the public that he was in perfect trim and had high hopes of flattening Firpo.

Thousands of fight fans wanted to see Jess win, but these thousands lost their faith in him when he deliberately informed them that he had misrepresented his true condition.

Jess was unfair to his army of supporters, and THE RING for one, is glad that he never again will appear in a bout.

Men of his type who conceal alleged injuries and then try to belittle the victory of an opponent, are not wanted in the field of pugilism.

Sportsmanship to the Nth Degree

AS much as we may not care to admit it, money certainly is a ruling, not to say a controlling factor in things sportive. Yet even so thrifty a race as the French are noted for being, rises to present to the sporting world a son who can place above mercenary aims that truest of human virtues, Real Sport. Of course, we refer to Eugene Criqui. His love of sportsmanship, something inborn in him; the same something that made him a hero at Verdun, gave to Criqui the courage to resist money for sport.

Had Criqui been content to follow precedent, he would have gone back to France the featherweight champion of the world, would have boxed mediocre opponents and would have made a quarter of a million dollars, possibly much more than that. Instead, he chose to keep to a bargain he made in good faith. He was not fearful of his prowess, nor small enough to thrust aside what he considered to be the sporting thing to do.

Now it is interesting to make a slight comparison. When Jimmy Wilde came to America to defend his world's flyweight title against Pancho Villa, it is pretty evident that this sturdy and physically courageous battler did so, not entirely in the spirit that impelled Criqui to remain upon our shores until he defended his newly-won crown. We say this upon information from competent authorities in England that Wilde long had been going back; had himself expressed this conviction and saw in a fight in America a final effort on his part to put together a fortune for his old age. Certainly a business-like act on his part, but hardly in line with Criqui's sporting proposition.

One can't blame Wilde for collecting a final payment upon his professional career, payment for the tortuous years of training and hard fight, but doesn't one instinctively give to the little French poilu a far greater measure of admiration for the something in his makeup that prompted him to have an ideal above mere gold?

As to the courage of Criqui and Wilde, none can point a finger, for no more dauntless courage ever was witnessed in the ring than when Villa battered down Wilde and Dundee crushed Criqui.

And yet it is safe to say that the name of Criqui will outlive that of Wilde.

Popularity of Boxing

THE popularity of boxing can be pretty accurately gauged by the number of people who attend the bouts and the amount of money they expend therefore. Looking at the sport from this commercial angle gives one a sudden start to discover that in four big fights staged in New York City or within the Metropolitan District of New York City, 270,000 fans, or thereabouts, paid to be spectators. And these fans paid about $1,500,000 for the privilege.

Boxing, conducted in the right manner, as New York promoters more than any others in the world know how to promote, is as popular a sport as there is. It is a bit more costly than baseball, but it has the same popular appeal as has our national pastime. It is a great sport and it is supported accordingly.

Consider also, that these four fights in question, were all staged in one section (although the most densely populated in the country). Good bouts, properly staged at even the highest prices allowed by law, will pack 'em in.

A Blight Upon Sport

NO man who has a spark of sporting blood in his veins can help but feel that he has been personally insulted by that incident in New York City when Johnny Dundee and Eugene Criqui fought their memorable battle and the cowardly fans in the crowd booed Criqui. If ever a real American who claims to be so fair in sports, had good reason to hang his head in shame it was after this disgusting outburst. Every honest-to-goodness he-man will disavow these ignorant, loathsome fans.

Eugene Criqui fought a game, losing battle, put at stake his title and a fortune to keep his word and for that he was cursed and insulted by a crowd of boxing spectators who are supposedly American citizens. It makes real men blush in shame.

It should never occur again. Protected by distance and darkness these men sullied our fair sporting name. In the open they would have put their tails between their legs and run like scared dogs. No, they were not dogs.

That would be a terrible insult to a dog. No dog would do it. A hog might, but even a hog has some redeeming traits. These men have none.

That relieves one a bit. Maybe it will make every fan remember, next time he sees a situation like that which Criqui faced, that it's a fine thing to be a sportsman, but an awful thing to be one of those branded souls the like of which booed that gallant French lad, a real war hero, a gallant soldier, a wounded Poilu.

Another Champion "Deposed"

FOR the fourth time within a year, the New York Boxing Commission has "deposed" a champion and "created" a new title holder. Johnny Wilson, Johnny Kilbane, Joe Lynch and Mickey Walker have felt the iron hand of the Empire State Commissioners, and in our opinion, the action of the Board in each case was amply justified, yet after all is said and done, we may justly ask: What benefits are derived by deposing a title holder when such champions are the recognized leaders of their

respective divisions in almost all states save the one in which they are persona non grata.

The stand taken by the New York State Commission is a splendid one; were every state in the union where boxing is legalized to stand shoulder to shoulder in an agreement to bar from competition all champions who masquerade as such against weaklings but refuse to meet fighters of recognized ability to a decision, it would be fine. But under the present conditions, such action as was taken in the Empire State against the above named boxers is regarded as a huge joke by the fans throughout the country, for none will deny that were Joe Lynch or Mickey Walker to be knocked out by a first or third rater in any bout, this victor, and not the "made" champion, would be the recognized champion of the world.

Let us do away for all time with this absurd making of champions and instead let the boxing commissions of this country adopt a national rule meting out proper punishment to a title holder who refuses to defend his crown in bouts with legitimate challengers.

Foreign Promoter Seeks New Fields

ANOTHER great boxing promoter will soon join the ranks of America's leaders in the profession. We have been informed that Jack Munro, boxing impresario of Australia, the Tex Rickard of the Antipodes, will leave for America late this year and make this country his future home. Jack, it will be remembered, made a trip here last year to corner the cauliflower market for Australia, but was not very successful. His contract as the director of the Stadiums Limited expires this year and Jack intends to take a fling at the promotion game on the Coast where he may join Jimmy Coffroth in the exploitation of the big guns of the pugilistic world.

Munro is one of the world's most famous bag punchers. He has a record of having punched seven bags at one time before nobility and after this exhibition of skill, he challenged the world to a match for the championship but none came forth to question his superiority. Munro is a Canadian by birth and after a long sojourn in South Africa where he gained fame as a bag puncher and wrestler, he went to Australia where he won world renown as a boxing promoter. Jack will prove a good addition to America's corps of promoters and if he doesn't change his mind, some big bouts, in one of which Jack Dempsey may figure, will be staged under the direction of Coffroth and Munro next summer in Mexico just across the American border.

"Set Ups" and Champions

ONE of the most inexplainable things in pugilism is the sterility of the heavyweight field. It would seem at first glance that to pick tough and hard opponents for a heavyweight champion would be about the easiest thing in the world, and yet from the days of Sullivan to the present time it has been an ever vexing problem for promoters and managers. Sullivan bowled over scores of boxers, many of whom were good heavers, others little more than "set ups."

Finally Corbett arrived. In Corbett's reign there were the usual number of set ups, and so in Fitzsimmons', Jeffries', Johnson's and Willard's. The same thing happens in other divisions, too, oftimes empelled by circumstances, but often enough by choice. Thus it has been accepted as one of the unavoidable circumstances of boxing.

There are times when apparent "set ups" prove otherwise and still other times when boxers who prove to be nothing but "set ups" really possessed all the ear marks of the so-called logical contender. It is a fistic paradox that if a champion does not fight often, despite that to do so would mean taking on these "set ups," he is criticised and if he takes on all comers, knocking the "easy marks" galley West in short order, he is condemned for picking such "soft spots." Truly the path of a champion is strewn with trouble, though it is made bearable by a financial salve that eases most pains.

It is not always certain that an apparent set up will turn out to be just that. Usually past performances tell what is to be expected, but not always.

"Set ups" are a natural outcome of the system of boxing we have throughout the world, where co-ordinated supervision does not exist save in spots. A champion or a contender is permitted to choose his own opponents, doing so with an eye to the minimum amount of inconvenience likely to result, and the maximum return in a financial way.

Besides which it is reasonable to suppose, since there can be but one champion in a division at a time, and since ability is something that is developed, that "set ups" are inevitable. And after all they must eat and to eat they must follow their pugilistic profession. Therefore there are always "set ups" with us and there always is a champion to appease the "set ups" natural craving for victuals.

Conversly how else would our champions secure cigarette money?

Slurs Cast at an Honest Fighter

HARRY GREB, a real credit to the boxing world, a fighter who never has been involved in an affair that would tend to cast discredit upon the game which gives him his livlihood, has been attacked by certain members of the gambling element in New York City, an unscrupulous element that seeks to besmirsch Harry's character by associating him with a fake fight.

In their eagerness to discredit Harry because of differences he has had with a certain boxing faction in the Empire State, the scandal mongers got busy and publicly announced that Greb had agreed to take the count in his fight with Johnny Wilson for the world's middleweight title and that his excuse would be that he was compelled to take off too much weight to do himself justice.

The asininity of such a report is obvious on the face of it, when one considers the splendid character of the man attacked. True, Harry has fought many rough bouts, brought about entirely through his peculiar style, but at no time has the finger of suspicion been pointed at the Pittsburgher for engaging in a fake contest.

He is too much of a gentleman to sell his soul.

It is safe to predict that any time Greb loses a fight, either through a decision or a knockout, the public may be assured Harry gave the best in him. It is to be regretted that such men as Greb must be associated through scurrulous reports with the type of low, crooked gamblers who live by making bets placed on the "wrong end" and who, of course, laugh with glee when these "fake fight" reports gain wide publicity.

The Tight-Wad in Boxing

IN the past few weeks the boxing world has been informed on many occasions, in fact as often as Luis Firpo has engaged in ring combat, that in the "Bull of the Pampas" the game has its greatest "tight wad" since the days of Sailor Boy Tom Sharkey. Critics have pointed out in colorful articles how the Argentinian is cornering the money market and sending the good American dollar back to his native soil for a rainy day, the day when Luis Angel Firpo no longer will be acclaimed the "Wild Bull."

Fortunately, the "Wild Bull" does not read English, hence hasn't taken offense at the gibes of the American critics. Yet even were he able to do so, it is doubtful if he would care one iota. Men like Firpo in the boxing game are few and far between. Too often when a boxer becomes internationally famous and the money begins to pour into his coffers, he becomes the "good fellow," wastes his money with the result that a fortune has flittered away. Men like Leonard, Dundee, Tendler and Firpo of the modern crop of boxers are the exceptions, although in Firpo, the boxing world realizes it has by far the leading money saver in the history of pugilism. Good fellowship with him has no meaning. Money, and plenty of it, is at all times uppermost in his mind. Yet, he should not be criticised for being a thriving individual.

"Con" McVey, Jim Corbett's Second, Kept Secret 19 Years

By JAMES W. GANTZ
Philadelphia North American

ANOTHER old-time national figure has passed to the great beyond from boxing. John James McVey, known in the days of Jim Corbett's reign as heavyweight champion of the world as "Con" McVey, died in Philadelphia, where he was born and raised. His death came on August 4.

It was as Jim Corbett's friend, colleague and sparring partner that McVey won his spurs in sport. Before he joined Corbett's forces, McVey was quite a formidable fighter himself in the late eighties, but he became internationally known as the adviser of the former heavyweight champion.

His passing recalls events in Corbett's second fight with Tom Sharkey, in New York, on November 22, 1898, which made him a bigger figure in the bout than the contestants themselves. On March 17 of the preceding year Corbett had lost his crown to Bob Fitzsimmons. In their first meeting in 1896, Sharkey lost to Corbett on a foul in the fourth round. This sudden and near-riot ending to the fight occasioned much comment.

Corbett jumped at a second chance to fight the big, rough sailor. The battle progressed until the ninth round, when McVey, adviser to Corbett, jumped into the ring from his corner. This was a clear violation of the rules and Sharkey was entitled to the decision on a foul, but Referee Honest John Kelly pushed him aside and the battle was resumed. A moment later McVey jumped back into the ring. This time Referee Kelly stopped the bout and called all bets off.

The ruling that the bout was no contest and bets were to be called off almost caused a riot at the New York battle grounds.

In spite of all sorts of charges that McVey "jobbed" the fight, Con refused to discuss the incident. However, after nineteen years, he finally told the North American the inside story of this battle. Summarized, it was:

"It was to save my friend Corbett from being unnecessarily punished that I jumped into the ring and caused his fight with Sharkey to be stopped."

It was this loyalty to Corbett that won praises from William A. Brady, who managed Corbett, in his salad days, "as the most loyal man I ever knew."

Gastritis ended the career of the old-time boxer and "second," who was 50 years old when he passed away on August 4, 1923.

In the Days of "Real" Sport

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

MODERN boxing contests always appealed to John L. Sullivan as "pretty soft." "Child's play," he was often wont to say after he had watched a couple of clever boxers tap each other and dance away. And in a way he was right.

He was right when one compares the manner in which bouts of today are staged and the manner in which they were put on in the old days. Then, too, and still more to the point, there were days in the old times when bouts were limited as to rounds only by the stamina of the contestants. Old timers probably base their opinions on these circumstances and the chances are they may even take into account that memorable scrap between Jack Burke and Andy Bowen.

The story of that battle, which lasted 110 rounds, has often been told, but it is interesting to consider some of the side lights to the battle.

In a manner these side lights bring home the length of the bout, the stamina and courage the two boxers had, and certainly do help to convince one that these aren't such tough days as they might be.

The two began to fight early in the evening. The bout was staged at New Orleans on April 6-7, 1893. Fans came in, sat at the ringside and watched and watched and watched. Some had to go home, some to work and some got hungry. Gradually most of the crowd left the hall.

There were some actors present when the bout started. They had to rush for their theatre, but after their show was over they passed the hall where the bout was staged and found that the mill still was on. They went in and saw the battle to the bitter end.

One fellow, it is recorded, saw the first few rounds of the bout and then hurried home because he had to get up at 2:30 in the morning to go to work. He may have been a milkman, no one seems to know. In any event, he went home, had several hours sleep and then started for work. As he was passing the hall he saw the lights, peeked in, was astounded to see the men still fighting, so went in and regained the seat he had deserted the night before. He, too, was sitting by when Burke stumbled in the 110th round, fell and was so exhausted he could not rise again. It was just breaking day when the final round was over.

That's what one might describe as a long fight. Imagine how such a scrap would appeal to the boys along Broadway in the neighborhood of Tin Ear Alley now! Just think how these Knights of the Night could divide up their hours, see a few rounds, go to a show, play a little cards, dance at a cabaret, have supper and then drop in for the finish.

But it probably wouldn't make much of a hit with the boxers. It would be hard on the experts and probably would be found to conflict with the six-day bike race which is at present the long distance sporting event of Gotham and environs.

WILL BUY

Copies of any or all of the Following Books on Boxing

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Boxing and Fatalities

By FRANK E. COULTRY

PRIZE fighting and later the more scientific boxing is not now nor ever has been a tame sport. It is strenuous work. We all know that it demands of a fighter exceptional physical fitness and not a little mental alertness. Considering the fact that two men stand off and slug at each other and that quite often one or the other hits the canvas pretty hard, it seems little short of miraculous that so few fatalities have followed in the wake of the game.

But it may be said for boxing that it has recorded fewer deaths than many other sports reputed to be "gentle." In fact, if we are not mistaken, a statistician recently discovered that golf, the "old man's" game, so-called, the game in which women, very young girls and boys and men of all ages take part, produces one death per day. We have not been in a position to verify this statitician's figures. He may have been joking. In any event, there are other sports more hazardous than boxing. Baseball, football, racing, swimming, all have longer lists of fatalities than the glove game.

But boxing is a major sport and thus is certain to obtain major notice for its demerits as well as its merits. Thus when some boxer is accidentally killed in the ring, papers the world over take notice of it and the public is graphically told of the boxers' sad ending. But in these days where competent physicians examine boxers—at least in states where the game is under legal status—the chances of a boy being killed are few and far between. The sickly are barred and only where some hidden malady, some undetected organic disease exists is there much of a chance of a fatal accident.

A death in the ring in comparatively recent years that brought a great deal of attention, and unfavorable attention, too, was that of Luther McCarty, who died from a blow delivered by Arthur Pelky in their fight at Calgary, Alberta, on May 24, 1913.

A hidden weakness of McCarty's heart was afterwards ascribed as the factor that led up to his death. The blow that brought about the collapse of the fighter was not an unusually hard one. The accident, however, was surrounded by dramatic incidents and for this reason caused a considerable stir throughout the sporting world.

Previously, McCarty had been looked upon as one of the most promising heavyweights in the country. Upon him many placed their hopes that the world's championship, then held by Jack Johnson, would be retrieved to the white race. McCarty was a beautiful specimen of manhood and he had the natural ability to become a great fighter.

He had fought himself into a commanding position among the white heavyweights of the time. He was cheered as the greatest of the large crop of "white hopes" then in the limelight. Pelky, too, was looked upon as a coming fighter and carried the honors of the Dominion on his shoulders.

McCarty had won what it pleased some to call the "white heavyweight championship of the world" when he had, through a process of elimination, battered down "hope" after "hope" until he finally faced Al Palzer, himself a giant of the ring and a man who appeared to have every attribute necessary for a champion.

The McCarty-Palzer bout, staged at Vernon, Cal., on Jan. 1, went eighteen rounds, eighteen gory and blood spattered sessions that so impressed the late Charles E. Van Loan that that eminent sport writer and boxing expert declared, in writing of the bout, that "Palzer", without doubt, is the most prolific and extemporaneous bleeder that has been seen in these parts for many a year."

McCarty won when Referee Lorry Eyton stopped the bout in the eighteenth round to save Palzer from a more terrible beating. Less than five months later McCarthy was killed.

Pelky and McCarthy were fighting for McCarty's "white heavyweight championship." The arena in Calgary was packed with fans. It promised to be a great battle and had, in fact, attracted international attention. Both men were in prime shape, a pair of lithe giants, trained to the minute. But Pelky was given but an outside chance to win.

The end came in less than two minutes after the start of the opening round of the contest. The two sparred just a little, exchanged a few light blows, clinched once and then Pelky shot in a short right under the heart. McCarty went down like a poled oxen. The unknowing fans cried to him to arise: "Get up and fight."

But McCarty did not move. Tommy Burns, former champion, who staged the bout, was at the ringside. He sensed that a tragedy was at hand. So did Referee Smith and Billy McCarney, McCarty's manager. Seconds worked over Luther, but to no avail. A doctor was called. He worked feverishly, but to no end.

The crowd started to stampede when it saw that a tragedy had intervened upon its pleasure. In the wild scramble that followed police officers fought their way through the mob and bore McCarty to an open spot and there he fought a silent battle for twenty minutes and then expired. The news shocked the sport world and rocked it a bit, too. But the game, happily, survived.

Three years ago, seven after the fatal happening, Pelky, who had been retired from the ring a year or so, was stricken with sleeping sickness in his home at Ford City, Ont., on Feb. 18, 1920. At the time of his death Pelky was a member of the Ford City Police Force.

By this time the death of McCarty had all but been forgotten. But to this day fistic experts declare that had McCarty lived he would have become the world's heavyweight champion, for he possessed to an unusual degree the physical and mental requirements of a champion.

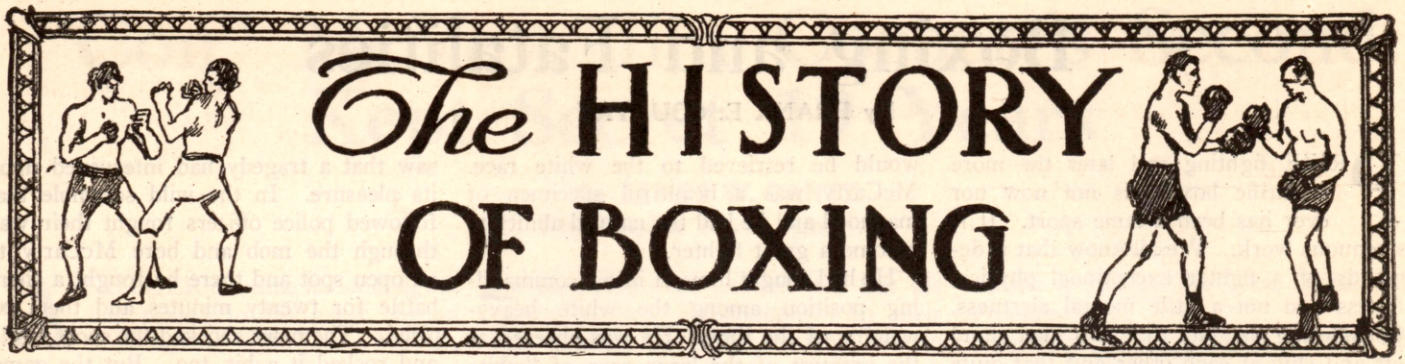
A Real Sport

By "DON" CEE

THIS concerns Leo Loungoria, a Mexican boy of San Antonio, Texas, who is considered one of the best masseurs and corner boys for a boxer in the Southwest. It is our habit to take a trip into the Mexican settlement of San Antonio occasionally to transact business with the *La Prensa,* a Mexican newspaper, so one morning, on the occasion of such a trip, we chanced to meet up with Leo, who was jay walking across a busy street intersection with his nose buried in a RING boxing magazine. As it is our habit also to invite the boys for a sip and bite to eat, we hailed Leo and asked him if he had eaten breakfast yet, Leo replied: "No, I have not had breakfast yet; I only had fifteen cents when I got up this morning and I spent that for a RING." We promptly took Leo into the nearest Mexican Cafe and stuffed him with plenty of Enchillalies, Tortilas and Chilli Con Carne.

This is not an advertising story, but a true incident, that will let the readers of RING know just how well this magazine is thought of in the far reaches of the Southwest.

[*We may add to the above for the purpose of illustrating the popularity of* THE RING, *that France and Goullet of Manila have increased their order, non-returnable, from* 1,100 *to* 2,500 RINGS *per month, and our Columbia, South American agent has increased from* 60 *to* 130 *books.—Editor's Note.*]



Jack Langan, the Tom Sharkey and Peter Maher of a Century Ago—and Sir Dan Donnelly, the Inventor of Shadow Boxing

By NAT FLEISCHER

CHAPTER XIX

IN the previous installment the career of Tom Spring, one of the finest examples of what the boxing game has produced, was dealt with. Contemporary with him was John Langan. They were great rivals for the crown. Langan was the Irish champion of his day and if it had not been for the superior skill and weight of Spring, the Irishman might have been the fistic king of all the British Isles.

Ned Donnelly, Irish Champion

Langan had an interesting and adventurous career. He was born in County Kildare in 1798, when Ireland was in the full blaze of an insurrection. It is recounted that Langan was not five minutes old when he was saluted by a volley of musketry from a party of United Men who were attempting to capture a powder mill not more than fifty yards from his father's home.

Mrs. Judy O'Shaughnessy, his nurse said this was an omen that he would make a big noise in the world before he passed out, and so he did. His early days were spent at his home in Clondalton, but his folks moved to a place called Ballybough Lane, a suburb of Dublin, and there this husky youngster began to gain prominence as a good wielder of his fists at as early an age as thirteen.

Langan had a yearning to go to sea and he had his early schooling 'tween decks and 'longshore. This was a rugged education for him, a good deal like that of Tom Sharkey and Frank Moran of modern days. He didn't stick to the seafaring life long and was soon back in the vicinity of Dublin, where he led a lively ring life.

One of his early bouts against a husky named Savage, who was heavier and older (Langan was only sixteen at the time), had an interesting climax. The two had fought long and as it was getting dark it was decided to carry on by candle light. Before the "glims were topped" Langan socked his rival on the jugular and he was carried off amid great lamentations by his friends.

Savage was washed and laid out on a bier while the body was surrounded by two score old men and women, smoking and drinking, and bewailing his loss. In the midst of the "wake" Savage came to, but before he could find out what it was all about, the entire company had fled, leaving the "corpse" all alone.

Langan was rapily acquiring a reputation and in those days there were always plenty of challengers who were readily accepted in a real sporting spirit. Commercialism had not crept into the game then. The Irishman was going along bowling them all over. There was always some one ready to take a shy at him.

Let us tell you of one of these early opponents, a fellow called Slantlea. The reference to this is more to furnish an idea of the training methods of those times than of the bout. To insure success, Langan received the following advice the night before the battle as to how he should train, as given by Sir Dan Donnelly, a ring character of the day:

"First of all you must take off your shirt, Jack Langan, then walk up and down the room briskly, and hit well out

John Langan, Irish Champion

with both hands, as if you intended to give your opponent a snoozing without asking for his night-cap. Jump backwards and forwards one hundred times at least."

Now if that is not the direct ancestor of our present day shadow boxing we should like to know what is.

The rest of the training routine is interesting to note, for, mind you, this was on the eve of battle. He was advised

(*Continued on page* 11)

(*Continued from page* 10)

to drink a half-gallon of the sourest buttermilk he could find along about midnight and before 5 o'clock in the morning must run three or four miles and at every mile drink a quart of spring water. Jack couldn't find the requisite amount of buttermilk so he made up for the deficiency by taking an extra amount of water.

In following out his programme, Jack was nearly half an hour late for the battle, which was scheduled for 6 o'clock. Slantlea was about to leave the ground when Langan hove into sight over the brow of a hill, out of breath and dripping perspiration.

Jack beseeched them to pitch the ring again and the two went into action. The Irish champion was knocked down three times in the first four rounds, but in the fifth Jack landed a left on Slantlea's jaw and the latter never recovered and was finished in 13 rounds, which took 35 minutes.

This may all sound very strange to the man who is used to the modern doings in the fighting ring. Let us tell you another of the days of a hundred years ago when Jack Langan was the champion of all Ireland.

There was a boat builder who lived in Dublin about that time, which was more than a century ago. His name was Tim Carney, and a fine, big, strapping fellow was he. Carney thought he could lick his weight in wildcats, and he challenged Langan and posted a side bet of fifty pounds. They were to meet in a place called Saggert in the County Wicklow. While they were digging out the scratch Langan employed himself with a pickaxe. They asked Jack what he was doing and he said that he was digging the grave for his rival.

In the third round Carney was hit an awful swat on the jaw and he went down and out. One of Carney's seconds jumped into the ring and started a riot. Langan didn't get a farthing for his efforts, even though he had knocked the other fellow cold. There were twenty thousand persons who saw this fight, which goes to show that there were some big crowds present in the days gone by.

The first big fight in which Langan engaged was staged on the Curragh of Kildare on May 29, 1819. It was against Owen McGowran, of Donny-Brook, where they liked to fight better than eat. The prize was one hundred guineas and the site was "Belcher's Valley," the natural amphitheatre, named after Tom Belcher, the famous champion. The fight lasted an hour and forty-seven minutes, when McGowan claimed that he had enough.

By his conquest over McGowan, Langan was hailed as the top of all in Dublin and that meant Ireland. He threw down the gauntlet, but no one thought it would fit him. He was hailed as the champion and his friends urged him to enter the London ring.

At this time there was presented to Langan something that was more adventurous than what he might accomplish in the prize ring. We were going to tell you of his battles with Tom Spring, but let us wait for another chapter. The Irishman had a lot of adventures before the days of his bouts with Spring.

Do you know that this Irishman skirted the shores of the United States not long after the Mayflower landed and that he was battling right close to our coast when the buccaneers were sailing the Spanish Main? Did you know that Jack Langan, an Irish lad with a pair of husky fists, was one of the pioneers who braved the pirates who roamed the seas and never fought with anything but his fists?

There is too much to tell about this Irishman that is interesting in this little chat.

Jack carried on a roaring trade in a 'pub' after he had run the gamut of Mars.

These are just a few highlights of an Irish champion of a century ago. He reminds us of the present day of Tom Sharkey or Peter Maher. He could hit like a mule and was tough as a whale, but he never could get right up to the top.

Looking back over what Jack Langan did we feel all het up and in the next chapter we hope to give some closer details of the actual technique of his fighting, particularly in his battles with Tom Spring.

You Can't Fail.

By JANE DIXON

(*Who Has Reported Every Big Fight Since the Dempsey-Willard Fight*)

A LITTLE olive man fought thirteen years to reach a height.
Dozens of times the little olive man was close enough to breathe the rarified air on the top of the mountain.
He could glimpse the rainbow of its gardens.
He could sniff the heady perfume of its flowers.
Almost he could taste the luscious fruits of its orchards.
But always he fell just short of the climb.
The slip of a foot.

* * * *

THE uncertainty of an eager hand reaching for the goal.
The skip of a heart beat.
And the little olive man was back again, on the level below.
But the little olive man was not disheartened.
His business was to climb.
He was convinced a habitat awaited him on the height.
While he had life and strength he would direct his mind, his body, toward reaching that habitat.

* * * *

SO he fought, with his brain and brawn, for his place on the height.
He was not embittered by disappointment.
Failure did not sap his determination.
When a fellow climber forged ahead of him he was not poisoned by envy or malice.
He did not whine, whimper or howl because his adversary had the ability or the good fortune to make the grade.
He simply allowed himself a breathing spell during which he gathered fresh strength, fresh fortitude, fresh equipment for the next attempt.

* * * *

IN the end Fate grew weary of stubbing the little olive fellow's toes.
Fate realized here was a climber worthy of a place on the height.
So Fate smiled benignly, and when the little olive fellow made his four hundredth effort to round the top, Fate gave him a great big boost and landed him in the midst of the laurels.
He was so happy he forgot all about the thirteen years' climb.
He put a laurel wreath on his head, a smile on his lips.

* * * *

THEN he flung wide the doors and invited all those he had met by the wayside to come in and enjoy his habitat with him.
The little olive man is Johnny Dundee.
He is a world's champion.

THERE ARE PLENTY OF CHAMPIONSHIPS LEFT FOR THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO MAKE A THIRTEEN YEARS', PERHAPS A THIRTY YEARS' CLIMB.

—Reprinted from the New York Evening Telegram.

The Southpaw in the Ring and on the Diamond

By FREDERICK G. LIEB
President Baseball Writers' Association

THE lefthander occupies an interesting position in sport. Especially is this so in the ring and on the diamond. Lefthanded boxers are considered more or less as freaks. There was a time in baseball when the southpaw caused much more comment than he does to-day. Even to this day a lot of persons consider all left-handed ball players as queer. Rube Waddell was responsible for that, I suppose. For a spell, every young southpaw pitcher who came out of the sticks was labeled "Rube." The names "Rube" Marquard and "Rube" Benton are so familiar today that few fans know that the former really is Richard Le Marquis and the latter John Calhoun Benton.

Artie Nehf, famous Giant pitcher, once told me that a lot of persons thought he must be a little queer because he is left-handed.

"I don't suppose I live up to my part," said Nehf. "Personally, I think I am fairly rational, and am no more a nut than a right-hander. But, then, I must have some peculiarity because I throw a baseball left-handed. Perhaps my eccentricity is that I used to play a church organ. But then I was lucky. No sporting writer ever called me 'Rube' Nehf."

A lot of boxing experts will tell you that a lefthander is at a disadvantage as a fighter. I don't believe it. A good righthander certainly can beat a good left-hander. Benny Leonard proved that when he showed his mastery so conclusively over Lew Tendler in their recent bout at the Yankee Stadium in New York. But, just the same, Tendler, the southpaw, was good enough to advance so far in his division that only the boxing marvel, Leonard, stood between him and the lightweight crown.

Being left-handed is no drawback in baseball; in fact, it is often an asset. Statistics will show that left-handed boys are much more liable to develop into big league stars than right-handed youths. Army statistics during the war showed that only three per cent of the boys who were drafted or enlisted in the regulars were left-handed. As this material was recruited from every walk of American life, these figures must be fairly representative. Yet thirty per cent of the big league players are left-handed. In other words, ninety-seven per cent of the youth of the country produce only seventy per cent of the ball players of distinction, the other three per cent of left-handed boys turning out the other thirty per cent of major leaguers.

And when it comes to the real luminaries of the diamond, the left-handers more than hold their own. Among the great stars, the real top-notchers, the left-handers are almost as numerous as the right-handers. And don't make the mistake of thinking that left-handed players work solely as pitchers. Three of the greatest players of all times, Babe Ruth, George Sisler and Tris Speaker, are all left-handers. Oddly enough, all three started in as pitchers. Ruth was a great pitcher with the Red Sox before he turned his talents to outfielding and home run hitting. Tris Speaker was a mediocre left-handed pitcher in the deep sticks before his hitting convinced a minor league manager that Tris was better as an outfielder. Sisler was a pitcher, first baseman and outfielder at Michigan University, and after Branch Rickey, former manager of the Browns, experimented with Sisler in all these positions, he eventually decided that first base would be George's best position.

Many managers prefer left-handed first basemen. Wearing his glove on his right hand, the southpaw first baseman is in a position to cut down many of the drives which go through the safe zone between the second baseman and a right-handed first baseman. Fred Tenney, former first baseman of the Braves and Giants, was one of the first great left-handed first basemen. Tenney originally was a left-handed catcher at Brown University, and Frank Selee, one of the great managers of the nineties, converted the young collegian into a first sacker. Fred was one of the best that ever wore a first baseman's mit.

While Tenney still was in his prime, the young left-handed Californian, Hal Chase, dazzled forth with the old Yankees of the Farrell-Griffith regime. Chase later developed into an objectionable character, and it perhaps would have been better for the game had the former "Prince Hal" never reached the majors. But he was all of that, Prince Hal, the embodiment of grace. Despite all of Chase's faults, and he had many, none will deny that no player could do more in the way of playing first base than this left-handed Native Son.

Sisler, the unfortunate chap who has been stricken with eye trouble at the very zenith of his career, is the latest left-handed sensation at first base. In addition, old Jake Daubert of the Dodgers, Wally Pipp of the Yankees, Joe Judge of Washington, Bert Blue of the Tigers, Walter Holke of the Phillies, Joe Hauser of the Athletics, and Jim Bottomley of the Cardinals are other top-notch first basemen who earn their baseball salaries with their fork hands.

Until Babe Ruth developed into such a star, Rube Waddell occupied a niche in baseball history as the game's foremost left-hander. But now Ruth unquestionably deserves the distinction of being the most spectacular of the southpawed gentry. The Babe has many slugging outfield companions who use the same hand to do their pepping with that is employed by the sensational Yankee. The hefty Philadelphia slugger who has set the pace in home runs all season, Cy Williams, is another left-handed hitting fly-chaser.

So is the great Speaker, and Wid "Speed Boy" Matthews, the famous youngster who came up this season with the Athletics. Other famous left-handed outfielders are "Casey" Stengel of the Giants, Johnny Tobin of the Browns, Strunk of the White Sox, Heathcote of the Cubs, Manush of the Tigers and a host of others. "Casey" Stengel belongs to the real picturesque left-handed type. He always is full of fun and good humor and has his little left-handed peculiarities.

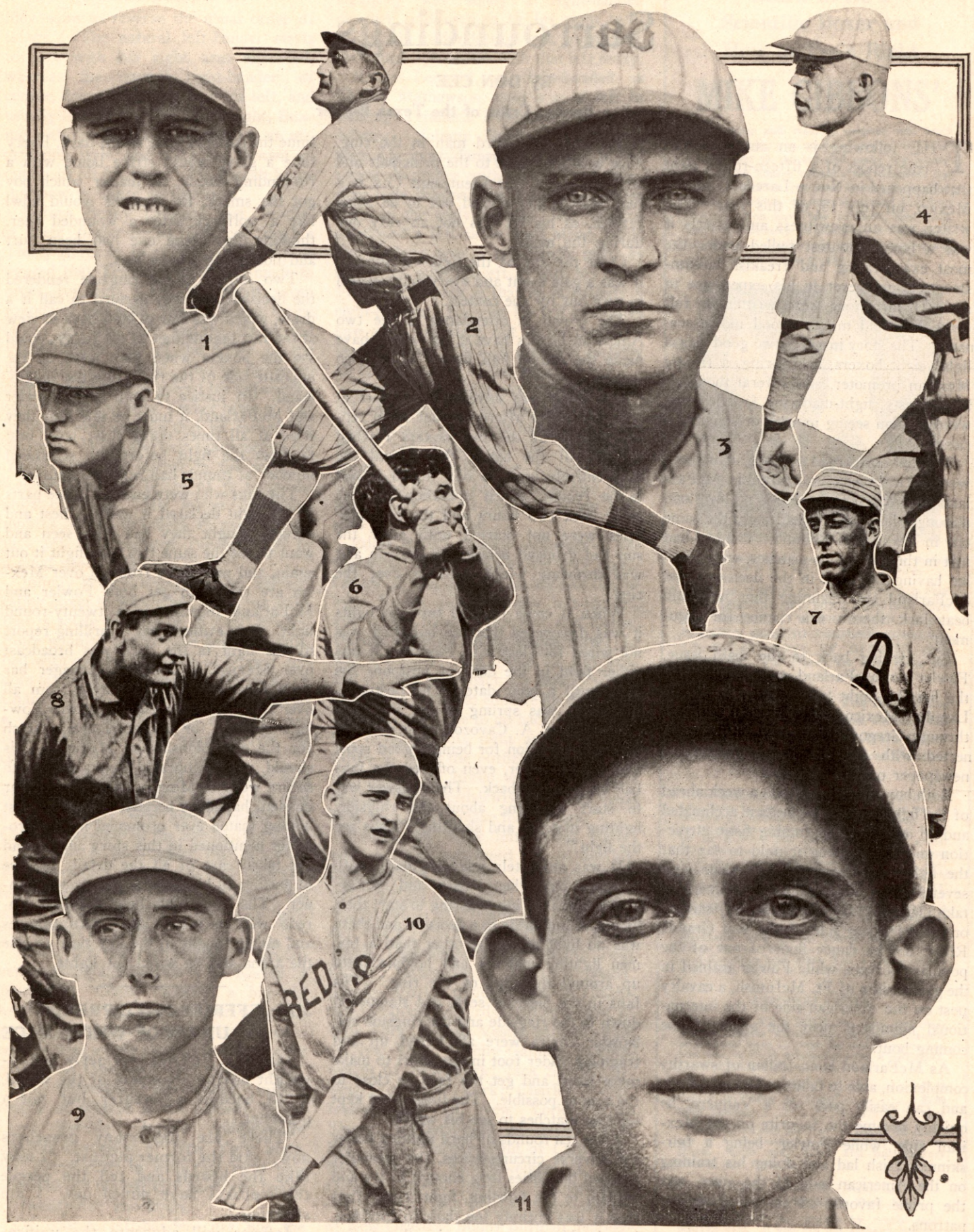
Of course, the fans know all about the left-handed pitchers from the time of the famous Matt Kilroy down to Bentley, Nehf, Cooper and Rixey of the present generation. Waddell was the most famous of the left-handed pitchers, with Eddie Plank, Nap Rucker and Rube Marquard following him in the order named. Nick Altrock was the funniest.

We have only one left-handed champion of the squared circle at present, the southpaw middleweight title-holder, Johnny Wilson. Johnny may not hold his title after his meeting with the right-handed Harry Greb shortly after this issue reaches its readers.

There are a lot of boxing fans who don't care much about the left-handers and consider them crude and awkward. However, the only thing that they have against these southpaws is that they are not accustomed to see them in action, and

(*Continued on page* 15)

Southpaws Who Have Gained Fame on Diamond



1—GEORGE SISLER
2—"HOOKS" WILTSE
3—WALLIE PIPP
4—"DUTCH" RUETHER
5—"LEFTY" O'DOUL
6—BABE RUTH
7—EDDIE PLANK
8—RUBE WADDELL
9—EDDIE ROUSH
10—HERB PENNOCK
11—ARTIE NEHF

A Thrilling Battle Amidst Mexican Surroundings

By DON CEE

Leading Boxing Critic of the Texas Border

THE following is an authentic and true report of a fifteen-round fight that happened in Nuevo Laredo, Tampas, Mexico, on July 15, of this year. The writer was an eyewitness and asserts it was a boxing contest pulled under the most exasperating and freakish circumstances it was ever in his experience to see. If this story were written in full detail it would make a good movie scenario. The story involves two good Texas lightweight boxers, a bull ring, a frantic Mexican promoter, and several thousand bloodthirsty, fight-mad ring fanatics who were bent on seeing murder or something close to it.

The boxers carded for the main bout were Jack Fowler and Frankie McFarland, between whom there is no love lost, although the two boys hail from the same city in Texas, San Antonio. The two had met in three previous matches, with Fowler having the edge in the decisions and McFarland still claiming that he could beat Jack, therefore a chance for argument.

But, getting back to the main issue, Fowler and McFarland were matched for the first big fight to be staged in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, by Aurelio Cavozoz, through Gregorio Ganzales, who is connected with the La Presna Mexicano newspaper of San Antonio.

Both boys were in Laredo a week ahead of the fight in order to become acclimated and to advertise the coming fistic attraction and it is putting it mild to say that the fight was steamed up to white heat several days before it was scheduled to take place, as McFarland did his training on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande River, on the dance floor of one of the popular cabarets, while Fowler trained in the gymnasium of Ft. McIntosh, a cavalry post on the American side of the international boundary, near the scene of the coming bout.

As McFarland is an Italian of swarthy complexion, able to talk the Mexican lingo and can easily pass for a Vaquero, he quickly became the favorite on the Mexican side, while Fowler, being a fair-skinned Irish lad and doing his training on the American side of the river, was the prime favorite of all the American patrons.

Lieutenant Cox, Recreation Officer of Ft. McIntosh, Texas, was named and slated to be the third man in the ring. This was acceptable to the principals and let it be stated that Lieutenant Cox is a real he-man and turned out to be some referee, as his lot was not an easy one during the melee.

Came the day of the fight—a Sunday. it was a gala event and everybody seemed to turn out for the contest.

The crowd in attendance to see two American boxers have it out would have made the champ bull fighter of Mexico jealous.

The show was advertised to start at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but when representatives of the two boxers reached the site of the battle, they found the ring entirely unfit to box in, so it had to be rebuilt, which operation put the show back two hours and the preliminaries were not started until after the sun had dropped behind the horizon and was throwing wierd shadows over the ring.

When it came time to turn on lights it was discovered that the bull ring was not wired for electricity, therefore it was either fight in the dark or postpone the fight until a later date. The postponement idea was sprung to the fans and the promoter, A. Cavozoz, who deserves creditable mention for being a good sport and squareshooter, even offered the fans half their money back. Their answer was to start crowding about the ringside, lighting matches and shouting, "Let's see the fight."

It was absolutely midnight dark, with no moon out, when Fowler and McFarland were called into the ring to start their fifteen round battle to a decision and there was no light to see by other than a few men lighting matches and holding them up around the edge of the ring. The fans in the bleacher seats had stampeded down to the ringside and the ringside collapsible chairs were all folded up and trampled under foot in the effort to make more room and get the fans as close to the ring as possible. The timekeeper kept lighting matches to see his watch.

After ten rounds of hard fighting under the adverse circumstances, the promoter stopped hostilities long enough to try and explain to the howling, fight-crazed fans that it was entirely too dark to continue, but the Mexicans assumed a threatening attitude, so it was deemed wise to continue the battle in spite of the dark. Every time a glove would strike home with a resounding smack, no matter which boy got the smack, the fanatics would howl like a wolfpack after a wounded deer, thinking that some one had been hurt and not caring who it was.

Two judges at the ringside rendered the decision and they decided to call it a draw, which was fair to both boys in view of the fact that neither of the judges could see the boxers when they were on the opposite side of the ring from the judges' stand. In justice to both boys, Fowler and McFarland, it must be said that they tried at all times doing their level best to finsh the fight before the scheduled number of rounds had run their course.

The fans who were enabled to see parts of the fight declared it was the best and hardest fought they had ever seen and want to see the same two boys fight it out again, and promoters from all over Mexico are trying to get both Fowler and McFarland together in a twenty-round fight. It is evident that a thrilling report of the fight in the dark was broadcast over Mexico, as Fowler's manager has since been flooded with offers from all over the Republic trying to secure Fowler's services for a championship match for the championship of Mexico. This should not discourage boxers trying to secure work in Mexico, as this particular incident happened because it was the first boxing match ever promoted by the promoter mentioned in this story and he had not taken care of all the details relative to putting on his show in the proper manner. The next fights held in Nuevo Laredo will be under ideal circumstances and either fought in the day time or else the arena will be wired for lights.

JIM JEFFRIES WILL PREACH UNION OF WHITE RACE

James J. Jeffries, formerly heavyweight boxing champion of the world, is to become a lecturer but not a preacher.

"There are too many preachers now," said the former pugilist. "I may take the boards and tell the people the truths I have mined out. I am studying."

Jeffries will advocate the unification of the white race.

SOUTHPAWS IN RING AND ON DIAMOND

(*Continued from page* 12)

they seem to reverse the usual order of things. The natural left-hander starts to box with his right arm extended, whereas the normal right-hander, of course, does his leading with his left, and usually has his big kick in his right. Boxing with the right arm extended is an unorthodox style, and often has thrown an opponent off his game. He doesn't know just how to figure an opponent.

Before Benny Leonard met Tendler in their twelve-round fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres in July, 1922, the champion figured that Tendler's style was made to order for him. Yet for about seven rounds of that fight, Tendler's style threw Benny into confusion, and the left-handed Philadelphian had all the better of the first half of the fight. But as the scrap progressed Leonard solved his opponent's system, and the New Yorker came so fast in the closing rounds that he earned the decision. When the pair again met at the Yankee Stadium earlier in the summer, Leonard had the better of it from the start to finish. His lesson of twelve months before had been to good advantage and he frustrated Tendler's left by a good use of his own.

Johnny Wilson always was an uninteresting boxer to watch, but we do not think that is solely because he is a left-hander. Since winning the title, he has been satisfied with a defensive style of boxing, seldom taking the aggressive. George K. O. Chaney, the Baltimore lightweight, carries a stick of dynamite in his left arm, and is a left-hander who usually gives the crowd a good run for its money.

Eddie Fitzsimmons of New York, and Sid Barbarian of Detroit are another pair of lightweights who keep Tendler and Chaney company in the left-handed class. Then there is Joe Colletti, the little New York flyweight. Colletti is only four feet ten inches tall, and an acrobat among his other accomplishment. He is a left-hander full of tricks.

About the only lefthander of prominence among the heavies is Ed Keeley of Bridgeport, Conn. Keeley, a big red head, is making considerable progress, and is quite adept at poking boxers of a certain class on the chin. He is a product of Jimmy Johnston's beef tournament.

An interesting left-handed middle weight at present is the colored fighter Larry Estridge, former middleweight amateur champion of New York State. Mr. Larry tears in with that right paw extended and his left kick back, and boasts of twenty-five knockouts.

Of course, left-handers are not the only ones who have good lefts. Every good boxer should have a kick in either hand, and a one-hand man is always at a disadvantage. In his early stages, Dempsey was solely a right-handed puncher, and used to tie his right hand to his side to develop his left. And there isn't much the matter with that left today.

Benny Leonard, as right-handed as Christy Mathewson, used a good left in meeting Tendler's left-handed mode of fighting. Johnny Dundee's left hooks were his most damaging wallops in his recent encounter with Criqui, and stunning lefts dropped the Frenchman three times in the early rounds. Big Willard developed a left as he went along, while Jim Jeffries was a two-punch man, as dangerous with his left as with his right. Firpo's drawback is that he is entirely a right-hander. He uses his left merely to paw at an opponent, but so far there has been sufficient TNT in his right to blow all opponents out of his way.

That is the difference between baseball and boxing. The ball player is either a left-hander or a right-hander. In order to be real successful, the left-handed boxer also should have a good right, while the natural right-hander also must have a left. If he hasn't, it is his business to develop one.

Eddie Roush, famous outfielder of the Cincinnati Reds, is about the only player I know of who changed his style of throwing. Roush was originally left-handed, and a left-handed thrower and batter. During his early minor league career, he was a pitcher. He broke his left arm, and it never came back for throwing, and Roush was forced to educate his right arm. He never was able to go back to pitching, but developed his right arm so he can throw in from the outfield with the best of them. But Eddie was ambidextrous to begin with. Otherwise, he never could have been able to make this change.

Among the other left-handed boxers not otherwise mentioned are Al McCoy, middleweight of New York; Pal Reed, middleweight of Boston; Danny Kramer, featherweight of Philadelphia; Lew Snyder, featherweight, of Bayonne; K. O. Jeakle, lightweight of Cincinnati; Tony Caponi, featherweight of Rock Island; Speedy Sparks, middleweight of Cincinnati; Frankie Edwards, featherweight, of New York; Johnny Vestri, bantamweight of New York; Johnny Gannon, bantamweight of New York; Jack Snyder, flyweight of New York; Charley Ryder, featherweight of New York; Willie Singer, featherweight of New York; Earl Force, featherweight of California; Red Watson, bantamweight of New Orleans; Bobby Burman, featherweight of California; Red Watson, bantamweight of New Orleans; Bobby Burman, featherweight of Philadelphia, and Tiger Flowers, middleweight of Atlanta.

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An illustration from Lesson 3 showing Mike Gibbons blocking a left hook led by Tom Gibbons.

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Fitzsimmons Holds Record for Long Service in Ring Game

By VERNON VAN NESS

NOT so long ago John J. McGraw, manager of the world's champion Giants, wrote a book entitled: "My Thirty Years in Baseball." That is quite a stretch of time, but there are many numbers of old timers who can boast of thirty years' service in baseball. On the other hand there is just one man the fighting game ever produced who could have written of his thirty years in the ring.

McGraw was not active on the diamond as a player for thirty years, nor, for that matter, has any player, Wagner, Wallace, Lajoie, served thirty years on the diamond. And in boxing just one man ever stuck in the ring, dating from the time he started until his last fight, for a period of thirty years.

That man was Bob Fitzsimmons, probably the most remarkable fighter in the history of pugilism, though not necessarily the greatest. But Bob won the world's heavyweight championship at the age of thirty-four. He was thirty-six years old when he lost to Jim Jeffries and he was forty-seven, going onto forty-eight, when he fought Bill Lang in Australia.

Fitz started in the ring when he was eighteen. He was twenty-nine years of age when he defeated Nonpariel Jack Dempsey and thus won the world's middleweight championship. It was not until five years after this that he met and defeated Corbett. Fans in this country have been used to dating Bob's career from the time he defeated Dempsey, yet he had been fighting in the ring for eleven years at that time.

Ruby Robert was past fifty when he died and he had not even then given up the idea of boxing, though it had been about three years since he had met Lang. Almost to the day of his death he was proud of his physical makeup and used to delight in rolling up the sleeve of his mighty right and showing the crowd his massive arm, its bone and muscle sticking out in ripples and bunches.

"I can sock 'em yet," he used to declare and there were none who were willing to bet that Old Fitz couldn't knock a lot of fellows out at that.

Fitz was a freak in physical makeup. He could make the middleweight limit and he could take on enough weight to make him formidable as a heavy. Yet he never weighed beyond 165 or so, but he had his wicked punch no matter what his weight.

The boxing fans in this country never looked upon Bob, when he was champion of the middleweights or the heavies, as a hero. When he whipped Dempsey he eliminated one of the idols of American fandom. Of course fans admitted that Fitz must be a good fighter, but they did not flock to him or make him an idol. Despite this lack of appeal to the public, however, Lanky Bob was recognized as a wonder.

Yet it took him a long time to gain the confidence of the fight fans when he declared he was going to fight for the heavyweight championship. When finally he was in the ring with Corbett he thought he was going to gain that popular favor that all fighters want if only he could master the conqueror of John L. Sullivan. But he was mistaken He whipped Corbett and failed to be the popular hero he sought to be. It piqued him at times and in his later years when fans began to look up to him and pay him some of the belated homage due him, he used to be pretty sore.

"When I was champion is when they should have made the fuss over me," declared Fitz many years afterwards when he was fighting and winning on what he knew rather than on what he "had" then.

Fitz said he never would grow old and so long as he could lift a hand he would be able to fight.

When Fitz lost to Jeffries he declared it was a fluke and wanted just one more chance at Jeff. Of course he got it and was whipped a second time, but at thirty-seven, a year after he lost to Jeff the first time, he whipped Gus Ruhlin, who then was a promising heavyweight, a strong rugged fellow who had youth and strength on his side.

The present generation of fans finds its hard to decide if Jack Dempsey is a better fighter, a greater champion, than was John L. Sullivan in his prime. Some still think that Corbett was the greatest of the heavyweight champions, others swear by Jeffries and nearly all of the old timers will take their oath on John L. But whatever the opinion may be regarding the greatest heavyweight of that elite circle, none will deny that Fitz was the most remarkable fighter the ring ever produced.

An Interview With F. Villon

"What do you think of Dempsey's chance?"
I asked the bard's ghost, strolling by;
"For back in days of old romance
I know you loved the battle cry."
"Jack Dempsey? Yes, a likely guy,
One of the kings in every way;
But take this answer—low or high,
Each ruler only knows his day.

"I've followed them with eager glance,
I've seen their mighty gauntlets fly;
Above each rugged circumstance
I've seen them meet each new defi;
And then, beyond the Western sky,
I've seen the sunset turn to gray.
So take this answer—low or high,
Each ruler only knows his day.

"Youth's flaunting banners rise and dance
Through silver dawns that should not die;
Then noon comes on where sword and lance
Still send their message, hip and thigh;
And then gray shadows catch the eye
As dusk comes creeping to the fray;
There's but one answer—low or high,
Each ruler only knows his day.

"Sullivan, Corbett, Fitz the Spry,
Jeffries and Johnson — could they stay?
They heard, in turn, the far winds sigh,
Each ruler only knows his day."

GRANTLAND RICE,
New York Tribune.

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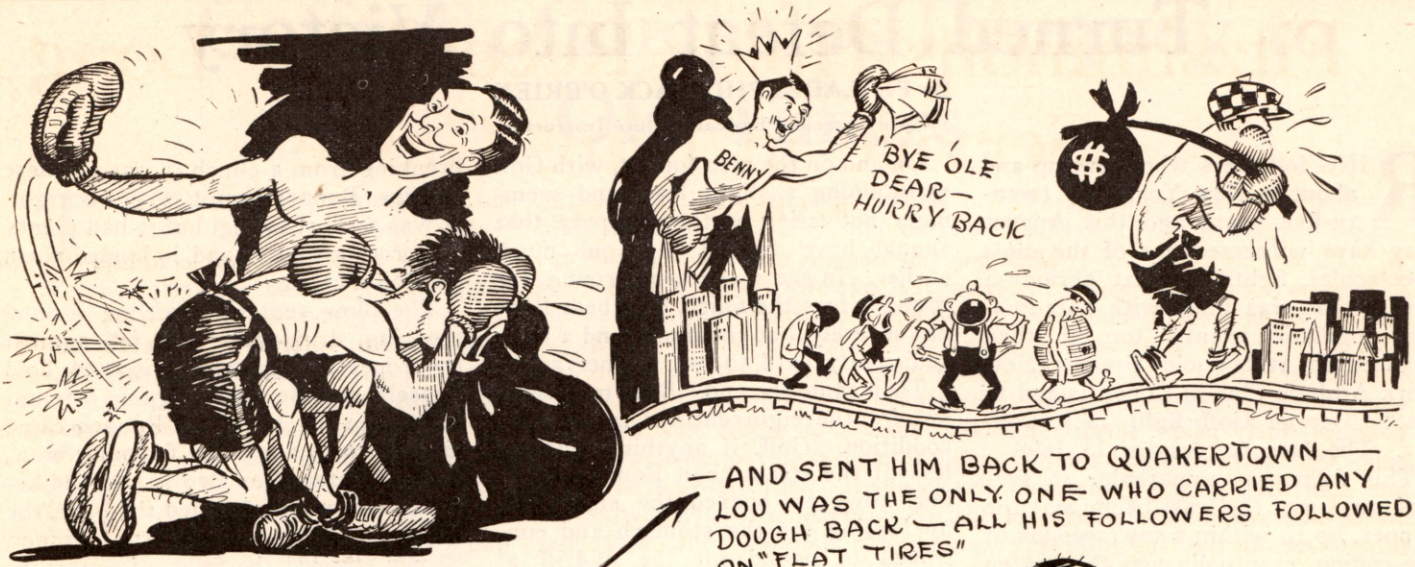
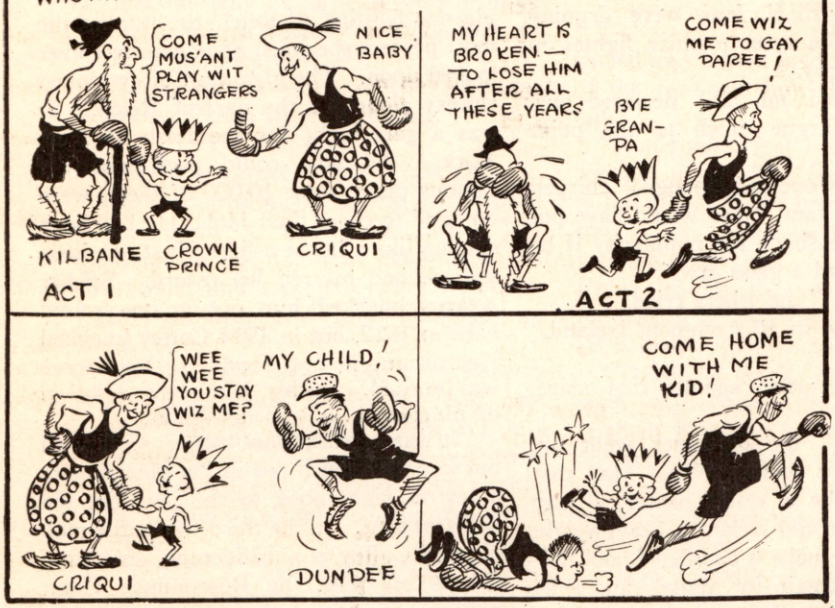


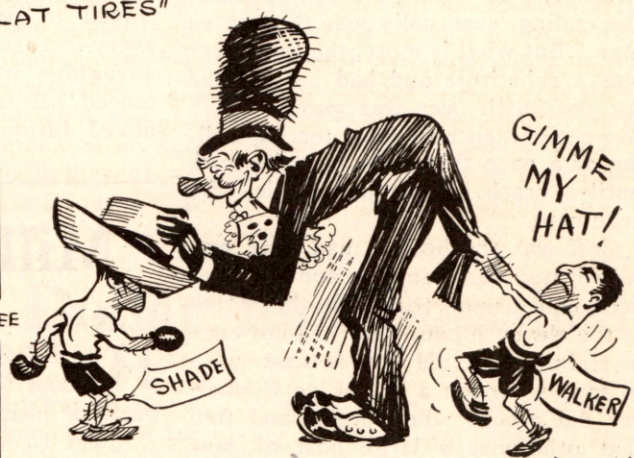
BENNY "THE OLD MASTER" GAVE LOU A SOUND SPANKING ON HIS TENDLER SPOT

— AND SENT HIM BACK TO QUAKERTOWN— LOU WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO CARRIED ANY DOUGH BACK — ALL HIS FOLLOWERS FOLLOWED ON "FLAT TIRES"

A FIGHT PICTURE IN 4 ACTS

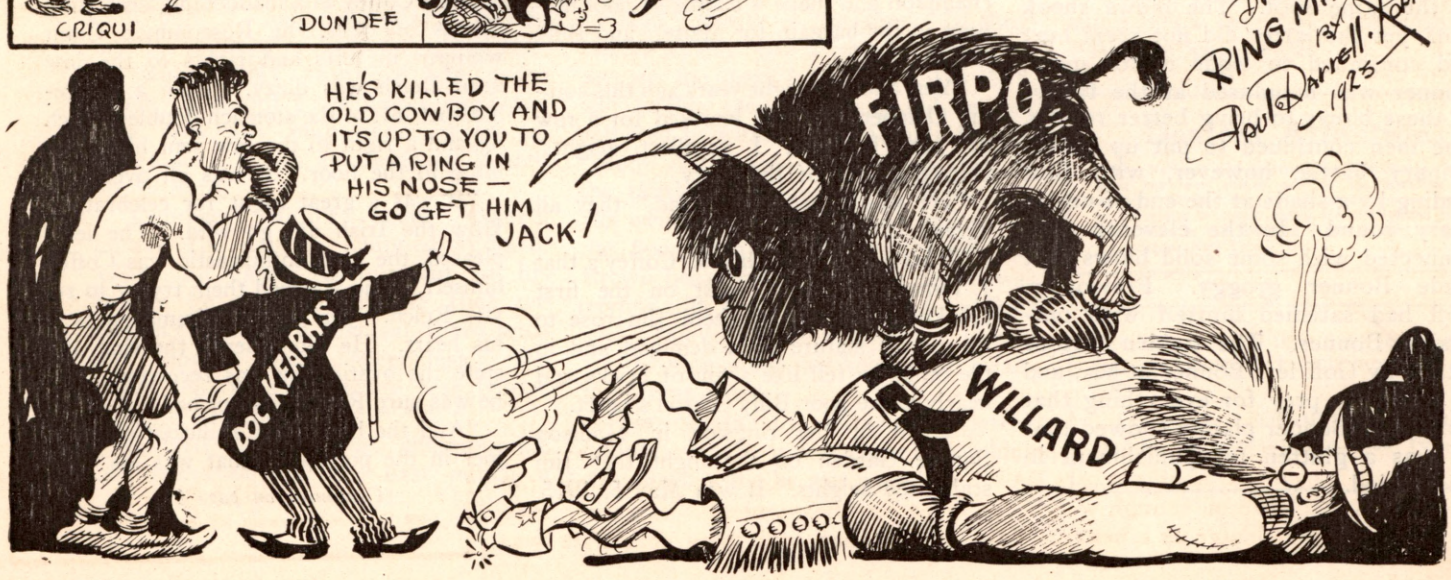
CAST OF CHARACTERS — THE CHILD IS THE FEATHERWEIGHT CROWN PRINCE. THE OLD HERMIT WHO TOOK THE CHILD TO RAISE AND HAD HOPES OF KEEPING IT DOWN ON THE FARM ALL IT'S LIFE IS PLAYED BY KILBANE. THE LADY FROM FRANCE WHO CAME OVER TO ADOPT THE CHILD AND TAKE IT BACK TO FRANCE IS ACTED BY CRIQUI. THE RELATIVE OF THE CHILD WHO HAS BEEN HUNTING FOR IT FOR 13 YEARS IS PLAYED BY DUNDEE





THE NEW YORK BOXING COMMISSION TOOK MICKEY WALKER'S CROWN AND PLACED IT UPON YOUNG SHADE'S BROW — BUT DAVIE DIDN'T WEAR IT OUT IN PUBLIC LONG TILL JIMMY JONES SMACKED HIM ON THE— SNEEZER — SOMEONE ELSE MAY HAVE THE HAT NOW!

DRAWN FOR THE RING MAGAZINE BY Paul Darrell Robinson — 1923



Turned Defeat Into Victory

By PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN

World Famous Physical Culture Instructor

RING followers who were up and about in New York City twenty-five years ago this August may have witnessed one of the most spectacular fights of that period—a period that was filled with hair-raising pugilistic events, too, if they chanced in at the old Greater New York Athletic Club at Coney Island to watch George Goff fight Jack Bonner. The date was August 15, 1898.

This fight was remarkable in several ways, not the least being that the winner, up to within a few seconds of the ending, eventually was the beaten man. But what is more, the final loser was a substitute and had not trained for the battle, yet was good enough to go eighteen rounds of terrific milling at a pace that gave him the lead, until a crash on the jaw settled the argument.

Goff was the beaten man. He was substituted for Dan Creedon and had been called upon to accept the match at the eleventh hour. He had not been in training and did not, at first, wish to face so touch a fellow as Bonner, yet did accept when urged and told that otherwise a large host of fans would be forced to suffer disappointment.

The bout was scheduled to go twenty rounds, a long distance for a fighter who had not trained. We pause to wonder what some of our boys of today would think if asked to step twenty rounds without several weeks' preliminary conditioning.

In any event, when Goff started he boxed cleverly and it was not until the fourth round that Bonner was able to make Goff suffer to any extent. Bonner, in the fourth, crashed a right to the chin and followed it with a left to the same spot. The blows shook Goff, yet the latter did not seem hurt and continued to wade in for more. Bonner was nonplused at the failure of these blows to bring better results. The men continued to put up a sanguinary battle, however, with Goff leading by a shade at the end of nearly every round. In the eleventh Goff connected with some solid blows that made Bonner groggy. Previously, Goff had satisfied himself with outboxing Bonner. The sudden furious attack by Goff left Bonner at sea, and he was easy prey for everything that Goff had. Bonner plainly showed that he was a glutten for punishment in this period.

On and on the men fought, with Goff maintaining a slight lead, and seemingly not tiring at the hot pace that should have fagged him out much earlier. In the seventeenth round, the round before the finish, Goff beat Bonner severely, but could not land a blow sufficiently hard to put Bonner away.

Then came the end. Both men came out for the eighteenth in fairly fresh condition. Goff, if anything, showed less of the strain than Bonner. Bonner, however, opened the eighteenth by leading for the stomach and continued to pound for the midriff at every occasion. Goff had a decided advantage in reach and he skilfully fenced off these body blows. They mixed furiously several times and in breaking from a clinch in one of these mixups, Bonner swung with his right. It was a short swing, but it had plenty of force behind it and it landed flush on Goff's chin.

The blow sent Goff reeling around the ring, drunkenly. He fell against the ropes and grasped these to hold himself up. He made a game attempt to put up his hands as Bonner came lunging in to apply the finishing blow, when Referee Alex Brown stepped between the men and ended the bout, the decision being awarded to Bonner. Brown stopped the fight, of course, to prevent unnecessary punishment for Goff. Goff, incidentally, now is a high official in the police department of San Francisco.

Million Dollar Idol Smashed

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

HALF-DOZEN fans were arguing about the most popular fighter in pugilistic history.

"John L. led 'em all," declared one. None could argue much to the point against that.

"There was one lad, though," chirped up one of the fans, "who would have put John L. in the shade for popularity if he hadn't have had a glass jaw."

"Name him!" the others cried.

"Jim Coffey, of Roscommon, Ireland," was the reply.

And none argued against that statement.

"Poor Jim," the old-timer went on. "It's just eight years ago last May that Jim looked like a world beater, a man destined to give old Ireland a heavyweight champion and make a couple of cool millions in the bargain for himself and Billy Gibson."

"Yes, and just eight years ago this coming October, Jim was knocked for a row of peat bogs, if I recollect aright," chimed in one of the party.

"He was a broth of a lad," they all agreed.

"There are two fights of Coffey's that I remember most," went on the first speaker. "In one of them Jim rose to the heroic stature of a demigod and in the other he fell like a ton of bricks and nearly broke poor Billy Gibson's heart.

"I sat at the ringside in Madison Square Garden on the night that Jim scaled the heights. It was May 5, 1915. He was fighting Al Reich, the Adonis, the most perfect specimen of humanity I ever looked upon. The gigantic Coffey looked clumsy alongside the perfect Reich. It was a gala night for the Irish of New York. All who could pack into the famous place, some 10,000 of them, were on hand to cheer their idol. He had been coming like a house a-fire. Just one little setback had marred his record. Soldier Kearns knocked him out in one round back in 1912, but in 1914 Coffey knocked Kearns out in one round, so that score was evened. Coffey had some eighteen or nineteen k. o.'s to his credit.

"It was a sensational battle. Coffey all but knocked Reich out in the second with a terrific right hook to the jaw, but the bell saved Al. In the third, while the mob cheered Coffey in a maddening, deafening chorus of cries, the Roscommon Giant whipped in lefts and rights to the jaw until Reich was dizzy. Then a sledge-hammer left to the stomach doubled Reich up and a right to the jaw sent him tumbling to the floor. It was all over.

"It was a great night for celebrating. How the Irish did go wild. The least pleased, the least enthusiastic was Coffey himself, as he watched them trying to revive Reich. Jim had pity, humaneness in his heart. He didn't leave the ring, despite the ovation he was receiving, until he was sure Reich was not badly hurt.

"And the big fellow rollicked all summer in the popularity that was his. He

(*Continued on page* 19)

Coffroth Compares Dempsey to Old Timers

LISTEN to a few expressions on Jack Dempsey, from Sunny Jim Coffroth, the famous Pacific Coast promoter, who has seen most of the great heavyweights of modern time in action. Coffroth was asked by THE RING what he thought of Jack Dempsey as compared to the oldtimers and here is his reply:

"Dempsey is just a big Terry McGovern, but he's even more ferocious and determined than was Terry, and I'll add, a man of much stronger heart.

"No man in the world could ever talk Dempsey out of a fight as Young Corbett did Terry. He'd be too busy picking himself up off the canvas.

"Dempsey doesn't know how to make a long fight. Every round is the last round with him. People say that he will not be able to go twenty rounds. He is not normal. The way he sails into his man in the first round is just his way of fighting and he may be able to go twenty rounds just as fast as he does one.

"Dempsey is one of the greatest men ever seen in a prize ring."

* * *

THE greatest fight of all time in the opinion of Sunny Jim would have been a battle between Jim Jeffries in the form he was when he outboxed and stopped Jim Corbett in San Francisco and Jack Dempsey as he is now.

"I won't say who I think would win the fight," said Coffroth, "but the night Jeffries whipped Corbett I left the pavilion thinking that no man who ever lived, or who ever would live, would stand a chance with Jeffries.

"When I saw Dempsey nearly murder Willard at Toledo," added Jim, "I went away thinking the same thing. I couldn't see and I can't see now how any man could stand up under such blows as Dempsey landed on Willard.

"Dempsey didn't seem exactly human the day he whipped Willard. When he came tearing out of his corner he was so terrible that we couldn't yell. We just sat there with our mouths open, speechless. We wondered if he'd murder Jess before it could be stopped." * * * * *

Willard, it will be remembered, has admitted that the first punch, a left hook, that Dempsey landed on him, knocked him silly and that he can barely remember the second and third rounds. Coffroth says that was the hardest punch he ever saw landed.

Jeffries was the most punishing fighter of all time up to Dempsey's appearance, according to Coffroth. He says that there are many who have the idea that Bob Fitzsimmons would have beaten Jack. He disagrees with them and calls attention to the fact that Joe Choynski and Peter Maher almost beat Ruby Robert and each floored him, although neither was as hard a hitter as Dempsey.

As for Jack Johnson compared to Dempsey Coffroth asserts that he was the greatest defensive fighter of all the heavyweights, but not a punishing one as is proved by the fact that Sandy Ferguson and Marvin Hart were permitted to stick twenty rounds with him.

"There was only one man I knew who could pick off blows and block as cleverly as John," says Jim, "and he was a featherweight, George Dixon." Cleverness counts very little against a fighter like Dempsey. He breaks through cleverness before the other fellow gets started.

"John L. Sullivan used to insist that his fights be in a sixteen foot ring. If Dempsey could carry the point he ought to do the same thing in all his battles. Dempsey, like Sullivan in his prime, can lick any man he can hit. Judging from what I have seen of him, he can hit any man he fights despite his showing in the fight with Tom Gibbons."

Million Dollar Idol Smashed

(*Continued from page* 18)

smiled and bowed his way into the hearts of the fans and how they did boost for him!

"And I guess that Jim thought he could conquer the world. He was on the road to the title. Willard had just beaten Johnson. They were talking about Coffey meeting Big Jess. Then along came Frank Moran, the veteran Pittsburgher. He had to be overcome before Jim could get a match with Willard.

"The fistic world chattered over that bout. Coffey was a red hot favorite. The Irish in New York sunk their bankrolls on Jim and felt sure they would cash in early in the evening. Five or six rounds at the most, they declared, would see the end of Moran.

"But it wasn't in the stars. In three rounds Coffey was defeated. This bout was on the night of October 19, 1915, and twelve thousand men and women gathered to witness it. Moran's famous "Mary Ann" suddenly crashed over in the third. It landed on Coffey's jaw. Jim went down face foremost and struck the floor with his chin. Referee Bill Brown began counting. The crowd was terribly still. One! two! three! four! five! six! Coffey climbed to his feet, groped for the rope, stood, his knees bent, awaiting Moran's rush.

"Jim couldn't lift his arms to defend himself. But he was so game he wouldn't stay down while he was conscious.

"Moran rushed. His steely blue eyes were furious. His wicked right shot through the air. The crowd looked on horrified as Coffey tried vainly to put up something of a guard. Coffey still had a faint smile on his lips as he waited those eons of time as he saw Moran come dashing at him.

"And then Bill Brown stepped between the men just in time to send Moran's blow glancing harmlessly over Coffey's head. There was no ovation that night. Just black silence; sad silence as the mob marched out and Billy Gibson and his helpers brought Jim back to his senses.

And thus passed Coffey, a great idol, one of the greatest.

"Blooey there goes a million bucks," said a fellow near me at the ringside.

And he had it right.

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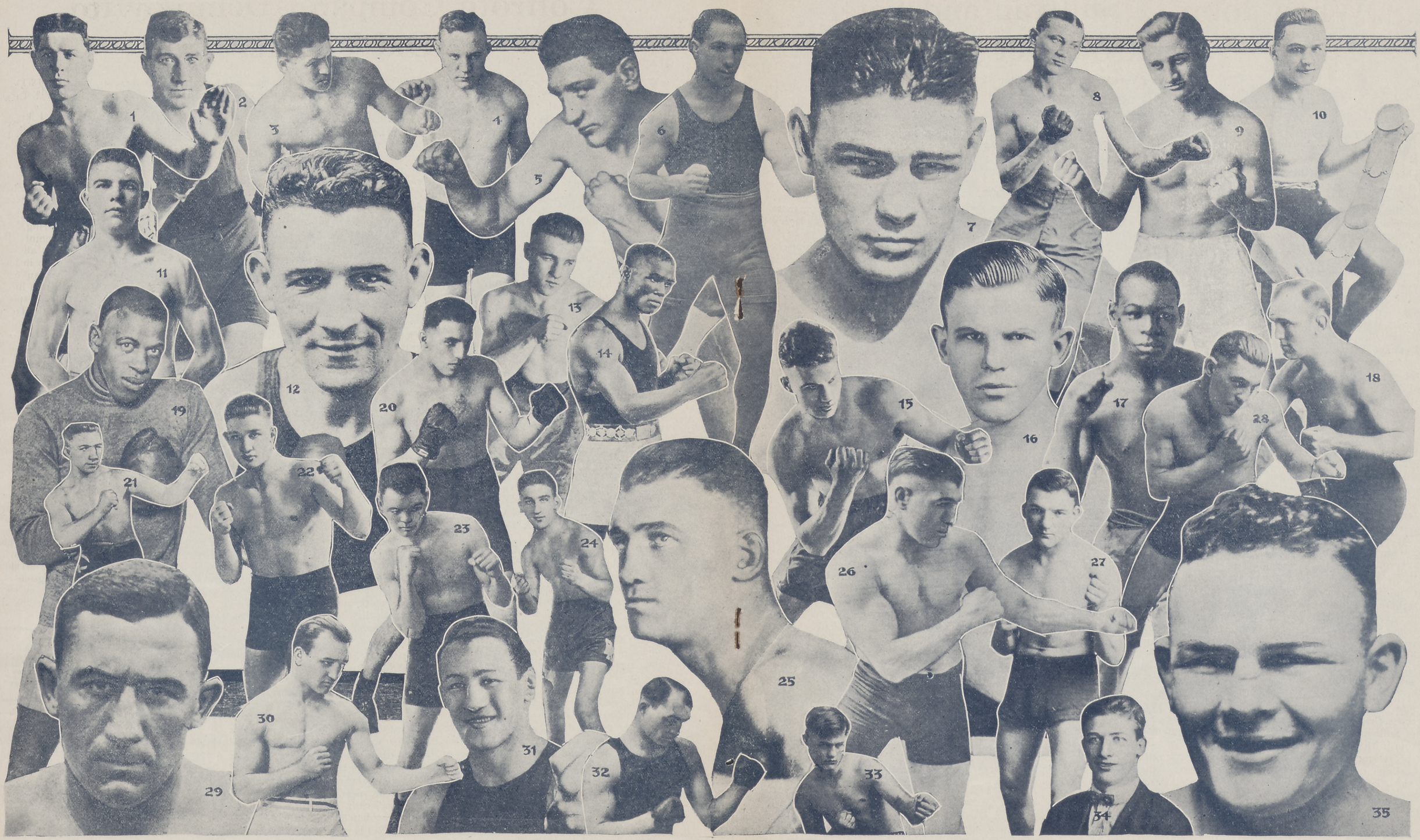
A Flock of Middleweights and the Champion Whose Crown They Are After



1—TOMMY ROBSON, Boston
2—FAY KEISER, Cumberland, Md.
3—JIMMY DARCY, Portland, Ore.
4—CHARLIE FITZSIMMONS, Oklahoma City
5—JOHNNY WILSON, New York (Holder of World's Championship)
6—AUGIE RATNER, New York
7—HARRY GREB, Pittsburgh
8—TOMMY LOUGHRAN, Philadelphia
9—PAL REID, Boston
10—JEFF SMITH, Bayonne
11—YOUNG STRIBLING, Atlanta
12—HAMBONE KELLY, Boston
13—GEORGE SHADE, California
14—PANAMA JOE GANS, New York
15—JACK DELANEY, Bridgeport, Conn.
16—ANTHONY DOWNEY, Cincinnati
17—WILLIE WALKER, New York
18—HARRY KROHN, Akron
19—LARRY ESTRIDGE, New York
20—PAT WALSH, New York
21—LOU BOGASH, Bridgeport
22—JACK REEVES, California
23—VIC McLAUGHLIN, New York
24—DAVE ROSENBERG, Brooklyn
25—JOCK MALONE, St. Paul
26—ITALIAN JOE GANS, Brooklyn
27—NORMAN GENET, Akron
28—NATE SIEGEL, Boston
29—PHIL KRUG, Newark
30—FRANK CARBONE, New York
31—JACKIE CLARKE, Allentown
32—JOHNNY KLESCH, Cleveland
33—FRANKIE McGUIRE, Williamsport, Pa.
34—ROLAND TODD, European Champion
35—BRYAN DOWNEY, Cleveland

When John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson Met

The True Version of the Encounter

By ED COLE
Veteran follower of the Ring and Turf

MANY a yarn has been spun of the first time John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson met. The true version of the encounter between the two greatest heavyweights of their time as related by an eye witness of the affair differs quite a bit from some of the generally believed tales. Old time fight fans still recall the ballyhooing that was engaged in at the time to smoke up a match between the two. That, of course, never happened and whether the great John L. would have beaten the great negro is still one of the unsolved mysteries of the ring. Whether John L. really feared Peter or not is another question which I cannot discuss.

History is surely repeating itself in the case of Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills. There could hardly be a stronger parallel. These two today occupy the same relative positions that Sullivan and Jackson held more than thirty years ago. Jackson was a quiet, unassuming big fellow and always acted like a gentleman. That, too, in a day when prize fighters were a pretty rough and roystering lot. He always kept his place and never made any attempt to force himself on whites. He was a clean liver which was something that could not be said about many of his contemporaries.

Wills is a duplicate of the old timer. Every one who follows boxing knows that when Harry is not engaged in training or in the ring he goes about his business and is a hard working fellow along the docks. Possibly he will get a chance at Dempsey some day but there are those who figure that because of his color he will suffer the same fate that was Jackson's.

There is a good deal of difference now in the publicity methods and those that were in vogue in the time of Sullivan and Jackson. It was a custom in that era to have advance yarns spread about of what bitter personal feeling existed between challenger and champion and to talk of the dire things that would happen if the two should meet each other outside of a ring. A lot of this had been done in trying to arouse interest and force the issue. The true story of their meeting though, shows that everything was sweet and pretty and no riot occurred.

Sullivan was going over to Australia with his troupe of actors and fighters aboard the Mariposa. That was the trans-Pacific liner that brought Bob Fitzsimmons, Dan Creedon, Young Griffo and other boxers of the day from the Antipodes. Jackson and one of the engineers of the steamer were very good friends and Peter, innocent of Sullivan being aboard had gone to visit his friend.

No one figured on John L. getting aboard until the last minute but he had made an early start and was on deck long before sailing time. He had been celebrating his departure for several days and was feeling pretty well "steamed up."

As Peter walked up the gang plank with the late W. W. Naughton, one of the best known boxing authorities of his time, the crowd present to see friends off recognized him and gave the negro a big cheer. The crowd which knew that John L. was already aboard became greatly excited and some one turned in a call for the police. A riot squad was rushed to the pier to take care of any emergency.

Jackson had gone below to the engine room while Sullivan was sitting on deck engaged in one of his favorite pastimes—playing with some little children. Sullivan's manager, Jack Bennett, thought this would be an opportune time for a meeting between the pair and went below to ask Peter if he would not consent to an introduction.

"I'm afraid that wouldn't be the correct thing," hesitated Peter.

"Do you feel sore on Sullivan," queried Barnett.

"Not at all," answered the negro, "but he may not like to meet me because of the things, untrue many of them, that have been published. I'm satisfied Mr. Sullivan is a gentleman."

Barnett tried to assure Peter that everything would be all right but he still hesitated as he was not certain but that Sullivan would attempt a fracas. Jackson knew that Sullivan had been drinking for several days in town and he was well aware that when John L. was in his cups he spoke his mind in no uncertain tones. Peter tried to excuse himself till some other time.

"I want to see the two greatest fighters in the world shake hands," urged Barnett as he took Peter by the arm.

Jackson was rather doubtful of the outcome but he followed Barnett to the deck where John L. was playing with the kids.

Barnett was a bit dubious, himself, as to what would happen, so he left Peter standing over near the captain's quarters while he went over to John L. Tapping the champion on the shoulder he said:

"John, I'd like to have you meet a gentleman, Peter Jackson," as he motioned to the Negro to come over.

Sullivan got up and stretching himself to his full height stuck out that pugnacious chin of his. Jackson came over with a friendly smile on his face.

"Meet John L. Sullivan, Peter," said Barnett.

Jackson stuck out his hand but Sullivan would not meet it. Instead he roared out in that booming voice of his:

"I can lick any man in the world."

"I will fight any man in the world," countered Peter.

Sullivan was nonplussed at this rejoinder and seemed to remember himself. He looked rather ashamed and sheepish. Then his manhood asserted itself and impulsively he reached out and grasped the black hand that was still stretched toward him.

There was no brawl. The two greatest fighters of their time had met and in spite of all that had been predicted there was not a drop of blood shed or a blow struck.

WIN OR LOSE

WIN or lose? Let the whirling dancer
Take his cheers in a land of jazz.
But tell me, what is the final answer
Where one scraps with the best he has?
What is beyond that for a story
Woven into the last romance?
So for the voice that drowns out glory
"All we ask is a sporting chance!"

GRANTLAND RICE,
N. Y. Tribune

When the Fans Rallied to John L.

By LEO P. FLYNN

IT isn't likely that eight years after he is through as heavyweight champion of the world, Jack Dempsey will be so broke he will need a testimonial benefit held for him. Purses are too big these days and Jack seems a pretty wise boy. He has a couple of apartment houses and a coal mine and after he has a couple of more fights at $300,000 or so each he will probably own a few more mines or apartments.

But champions do go broke. Jim Jeffries recently went into bankruptcy and it was just twenty-three years ago this month, August 28, 1900, that a benefit was staged at Madison Square Garden, New York City, in behalf of the great John L. Sullivan, who was then "flat."

John L. afterwards recouped much of his lost fortune, though when he passed away years later he did not leave a vast estate. John L. went through a lot of money. Big money even in these days, too. Just how much he made and then tossed away in his own imitable manner, mighty few know.

In any event, John L. was "broke" in 1900 and a benefit was arranged for the old Gladiator in the historic Garden. It netted John L. $15,000. Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Ruhlin and many others entertained at that benefit. Jeffries, who then was the world's heavyweight champion, boxed three rounds with John L. that night—three rounds that were hardly a minute long in each instance.

The old fellow was fat and his hair was gray and his eyes were not the fighting eyes of old, but John L. still was John L. in every other respect to the hero-worshiping crowd. When he entered the ring the house rocked with cheers for the former champion. He bowed his acknowledgment and seemed well pleased. But he must have been doing some tall thinking as he watched proceedings.

Probably Jeffries, who was then in the flower of his reign, looked at John L. and vowed to himself that the day would never dawn when he would be "broke." And yet that day came. But Jeff lost his money in different ways than did John L. Poor investments cost Jeff his fortune.

It is a funny world! John L., Fitz and Ruhlin were there that night, all have been counted out by the Great Referee. Three heavyweight champions have come to the fore since that night. Jeff passed over his crown in 1910. Then came Johnson, Willard, and finally Dempsey. And one of these days Dempsey will pass.

That benefit was staged just a few weeks less than eight years after Corbett had knocked out Sullivan at New Orleans, on September 7, 1892. Sullivan was forty-two years old and "broke." And Jack Dempsey, the present champion, was five years old at that time. Eight years from now Jack will be thirty-three. And the chances are he won't be broke. He won't if he reads this and takes it to heart.

The Unbeatable Champ

By FRANK O'CONNELL

THERE still is one undefeated champion. He can take it on the chin, in the mid-section and still come back strong enough to score a knockout every time. His name is Pop Time. He gets 'em all. We have had some excellent examples this year of just how true this is. Exhibit A, Johnny Kilbane; Exhibit B, Jess Willard. Then there is Jack Britton. Old Pop certainly is a wonder, make no mistake about that.

Looking over some old clippings we came across an account of a championship fight of just nine years ago and, by a strange coincidence, the daily papers carried an account of a fight the night before down in Philadelphia.

The old clipping was written after Kid Williams, of Baltimore, had won the bantamweight title from Johnny Coulon at Vernon, Cal., on June 9, 1914.

The up-to-date news story we read was an account of Pancho Villa's victory over Kid Williams in eight rounds in Philadelphia on July 31, 1923.

The account of that Williams-Coulon fight, written by H. M. Walker in the Los Angeles Examiner, started in this wise:

"The Old Fellows can't come back."

And, after telling how Williams scored a clean knockout in the third round, the article wound up with this paragraph:

"Instead of a sensational struggle for the title it was a pitiable spectacle of a little old man almost palsied in his efforts before the Tigerish Williams, tottering about the canvas a whipped man from the very first spit of the gong."

And in a New York morning paper of August 1 this year we read:

"Williams, but a shadow of his once wonderful self, was beaten in seven of the eight rounds by Villa, the world's flyweight champion. The former bantam king almost went out in the first round. Again in the fifth Villa nearly finished Williams when he had him on his hands and knees."

Time flits by beyond any doubt.

Nine years ago they called him "The Tigerish Williams."

Nine years later he was twice on the verge of a knockout.

Of course Williams had been dethroned by Pete Herman in the interval. He also had been knocked out by Joe Lynch. And he also had administered many a knockout between the night he fought Coulon and the other night when he lost to Villa.

Williams was a great little man, but what we wanted to point out was that Pop Time is the champ of the lot. He gets 'em all!

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Why They Look So Good?

IN FISTIC LIMELIGHT

MAYBE fifty years from now the boxing fans will be comparing their idol of that day with the idols of our time or the intermediate period and the chances are they will be as far from agreement then as the followers of the fistic game today are regarding the relative merits of John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey, or George Dixon and Johnny Dundee or Joe Gans and Benny Leonard.

Go back far enough and you will find that when John L. was the world's heavyweight champion there were fans who sneered at his prowess when you mentioned the Boston strong boy in the same breath with Jem Mace. Fans live largely on memory. Human beings are sentimental and they mingle sentiment with facts and arrive at odd conclusions.

There are no rules by which it is possible to compare fighters of one era with those of another. Where oldtime fight fans witnessed the work of fighters in both eras it is a pretty sure bet that they put their bets down on the fellow who came first. And why not? It was while the FAN was young and strong and robust and full of pep that he saw the first FIGHTER and when he saw the fighter in the SECOND era the fan was OLDER, and he had lost a lot of his physical pep and enthusiasm, but he hadn't lost his MEMORY.

And when he said the old timer was better than the fighter in question of the present period, he was not comparing the fighters, but was comparing his MEMORY of one against the other. And his memory retaining the sentiment of his youth, recalling the time when he, too, was strong and full of fight, sided with the OLD TIMER.

There are any number of competent judges of fighters alive today who were in the heyday of their own youth when John L. was at the peak of his power and strength. Now these judges are a bit worn. Time has bent some of them but time hasn't removed the glamor of their youth. And they still see John L. at his peak, beating everyone and they just can't visualize the possibility that anyone ever surpassed John L.

And so it will always go on. We live a good deal of our lives in the PAST anyway. There are things of our youth that we feel sure never can be equalled in this day. OUR boyhood days were DIFFERENT from the boyhood days of lads of the PRESENT age and we are certain that we had the BEST time when we were boys.

Grandma's cookies were never equaled by cookies that we ate after we grew up. 'Member the root beer old man Snyder used to give us when we were kids? Don't get anything like that nowadays, do you? Not much.

Well, the fighters nowadays aren't like the fighters of old, are they? Nor the ball players; Mike Kelly, Radbourne, Anson. Say, they were ball players! Well, the same may be said of the old time fighter.

Some ten-year-old kid of today will declare himself fifty years hence: Why, I tell you, Jack Dempsey was the greatest heavyweight of 'em all, and he could lick this present champion, John Doe, with one fist tied behind his back.

It's a great controversy, boys, really it is!

The fighting faces of Johnny Dundee and Luis Firpo (on top and bottom respectively) make an interesting contrast to the smile of Dundee (center) after winning a world's title

The Prelim Champ

Bill was a murderous socker—
Wow, but the goof could sock!
He was the champion knocker
Of splinters out of a block.
Bill had a fist hooked onto a wrist
That was built for shattering rock.

And Bill had the flowered token
Worn by the cauli-clan;
The bridge of his beak was broken
As wide as a double span;
What could you expect from the drab effect
Of rights and lefts to the pan?

Bill may have done his duty,
Deep in the tawdry muck,
But, losing his manly beauty,
Why was he out of luck?
When a cove let fly for his chin or eye,
Bill always forgot to duck.

Life is full of the samples
Of those who forgot the same;
Fate, in its wild rush, tramples
Over the battered frame;
But what's the use, when they've cooked your goose,
To murmur: "The guy was game"?

When your ear is a cabbage growing
On features seamy and rough—
When your nose is a red bulb glowing
From many an unducked cuff,
How much does it help to hear them yelp:
"Well, bli'me, the kid is tough"?

Now and then you must take it
Clean from a hostile paw,
But it isn't too wise to make it
A habit for chin or jaw.
"Forget to duck and you're outa luck"—
This is the game's first law.

Grantland Rice.—N. Y. Tribune.

Punch Mightier Than Pen

When I think of the Dempsey-Gibbons fight,
Three hundred thousand golden yen,
I know the ancient bard was right—
"The punch is mightier than the pen."

Results of Boxing Bouts

JULY

7—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bobby Harper and Johnny Reisler, four rounds.

7—San Francisco, Calif.:
Jack McPartland beat Eddie Doody, four rounds.
Johnny Jordon beat Frankie Tierney, four rounds.
Eddie Roberts knocked out Steve Bliss, four rounds.
Jerry Monahan beat Bobby Allen, four rounds.
Benny Berres beat Pat Ryan, four rounds.
Billy Springfield knocked out Sailor Denice, second round.
Al Hoag beat Soldier Burke, four rounds.

11—Venice, Calif.:
Ed Rubidoux and Ashton Donza, twelve round draw.

13—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach:
Kid Williams beat Bud Dempsey, twelve rounds.

13—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Johnny Darcy knocked out Frankie Pitcher, nine rounds.

13—West New York, N. J.:
Willie Herman knocked out Petey Hayes, eleven rounds.

13—Long Branch, N. J.:
Henry Shaw beat Bud Spratley, eight rounds.
Joey Werner knocked out Tommy Marks, four rounds.
K. O. Johnny King knocked out Italian Joe McCarty, five rounds.

13—Erie, Pa.:
Joe Lynch knocked out Patsy Johnson, six rounds.

14—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Kid Norfolk knocked out Jamaica Kid, two rounds.
Tommy Galston beat George Vanderbilt, twelve rounds.
rounds.

14—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Earl Biard best Sid Terris, six rounds.
Jack Snyder knocked out Moe Leif, two rounds.
Tommy Duffy knocked out Eddie Clifford, third round.
Frankie Curley bet Charley Delecarty, four rounds.
August Pisano beat Joe Ree, four rouns.

15—San Francisco:
Sunny Jim beat Soldier Burke, four rounds.
Harry Wallace beat Henry Faligano, four rounds.
Fred Sullivan knocked out Jimmy Bauer, three rounds.
Bob Mellin beat Frankie Powers, four rounds.
Kid Manila knocked out Eddie Duff, two rounds.
Sailing Leonard beat Jimmy Duff, two rounds.
Lon Richards knocked out Johnny McVicker, three rounds.

15—Manila, Philippines:
Silvino Jamitoe beat Grinco Flores, twelve rounds.

16—Broad A. C., Newark:
Mickey Walker knocked out Nate Seigel, ten rounds.

16—Oakland A. A., Jersey City:
Johnny Leonard won from Lew Snyder, ninth round.
Harry Mulcahy knocked out Freddy Williams, second round.

16—Broadway Exhibition Ass'n, Brooklyn:
Sammy Bienfield beat Corporal Izzy Schwartz, ten rounds.
Ruby Stein and Moe Ginsberg, ten round draw.
George Lavigne beat Jimmy Gaudy, ten rounds.

16—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island:
Al Roberts beat Mike Burke, twelve rounds.

16—Troy, N. Y.:
George Ward beat Alex Trambitas, ten rounds.

16—Lancaster, Pa.:
Rosey Sty knocked out Johnny Rosen, one round.

16—Columbus, O.:
Jack Zivic beat Shamus O'Brien, twelve rounds.

17—Queensboro A. C., Long Island City:
Henny Catena knocked out Johnny Buff, nine rounds.
Manny Wexler and Sammy Cohen, ten round draw.
Joe Dillion beat Harry Aarons, ten rounds.

17—Wheeling, W. Va.:
Ray Pyrel knocked out Johnny Rogers, three rounds.
Marty O'Hare knocked out Tommy Williams, four rounds.

18—Velodrome, New York City:
Charley White knocked out Ritchie Mitchell, four rounds.
Carl Duane beat Charley Rosenberg, twelve rounds.
Eddie Martin beat Joe Ryder, six rounds.
Jimmy Hutchinson and Jack Stark, four round draw.

18—Springfield, O.:
Tiger Flowers beat Tut Jackson, twelve rounds.

19—Kingsboro A. A., Brooklyn:
Frankie Genaro knocked out Bobby Gersham, three rounds.
Sonny Smith beat Billy Ryckoff, twelve rounds.

19—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Savoila beat Dominick Servido, ten rounds.
Sandy Taylor beat Wildman Gould, ten rounds.

19—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Joe Coletti beat Irish Johnny Fagan, ten rounds.

19—Camp Custer, Mich.:
Kid Buck beat Jabez White, ten rounds.

20—Boston, Mass.:
Pancho Villa beat Abe Friedman, ten rounds.

20—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Sailor Maxted knocked out Tom Cowler, four rounds.
Jimmy Roberts and Billy Ackerman, ten round draw.

20—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach:
Tommy Lynch beat Jackie Marlowe, twelve rounds.
Lew Chester and Pete Coleman, ten round draw.

20—Paterson, N. J.:
Eddie O'Dowd beat Claude Wilton, ten rounds.

20—Detroit, Mich.:
Sid Barbarian beat Sailor Friedman, ten rounds.

20—West New York, N. J.:
Jack Stark beat Lee Wedo, twelve rounds.
Larry Regan beat Billy Brown, ten rounds.

20—Long Branch, N. J.:
Mickey Walter and Johnny Dixon, ten round draw.
Lew Seltzer and Soldier Markowitz, ten round draw.

20—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Tex McEwan beat Johnny Martin, eight rounds.

20—San Francisco:
Jack Silver beat Eddie White, four rounds.
Sailor Smith beat Alex Tasloff, four rounds.
Tommy Gardner and Truck Hannah, four round draw.
Benny Barris beat Eddie Doody, four rounds.
Billy Springfield knocked out Sailor Minnick, one round.
Jimmy Dunning beat Sammy Lee, four rounds.
Al Cirimelli beat Sailor Buell, four rounds.

20—Eureka:
Eddie Gallagher beat Ray Cooper, four rounds.

21—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Harry Kid Brown beat Ben Pontheau, twelve rounds.
Buddy Jackson knocked out Eddie Keely, three rounds.

21—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Dutch Brandt beat Joe Ritchie, twelve rounds.
Frankie Quill beat Mort Seligman, six rounds.

23—Yankee Stadium, New York City:
Benny Leonard beat Lew Tendler, fifteen rounds.
Jack Zivic beat Johnny Darcy, ten rounds.
Babe Herman beat Joey Fox, six rounds.
Tony Lyons beat Freddie Lux, six rounds.
Mike Cancro beat Jimmy Stewart, four rounds.

23—Troy, N. Y.:
George Young Erne beat Wildman Gould, twelve rounds.

23—Toledo, O.:
Red McDonald beat Eddie Kitchell, twelve rounds.

24—Columbus, O.:
Jock Malone beat Anthony Downey, twelve rounds.

24—Lancaster, Pa.:
Johnny Russell and Phil O'Dowd, ten round draw.

24—Louisville, Ky.:
Soldier Buck knocked out Pat Travers, five rounds.
Joe Gordon beat Young Webb, ten rounds.

25—Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City:
Tim Droney and Johnny Williams, ten round draw.
Sid Bernard beat Johnny Coney, ten rounds.
Willie Herman beat Johnny Downs, ten rounds.
Jimmy Ryder beat Johnny Regan, six rounds.
Johnny Kochansky beat Joe Lowens, four rounds.

25—Oakland A. A., Jersey City:
Rocky Smith beat Jack Palmer, twelve rounds.
Petey Smith knocked out Charley Triano, four rounds.
Ray Scharra beat Andy Johnson, eight rounds.

25—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island:
Lew Snyder knocked out Tommy Girard, seven rounds.

25—Johnson City, N. J.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Tommy Noble, twelve rounds.

25—Montreal, Canada:
Oscar Deschamps and Frankie Bull, ten round draw.

26—Polo Grounds, New York City:
Johnny Dundee beat Eugene Criqui, fifteen rounds.
Danny Edwards beat Mickey Delmont, three rounds.
Mixer Mitchell beat Leon Peoutet, six rounds.
Tony Varcarelli beat Johnny McCoy, six rounds.
Charley Glazner beat Davey Jones, four rounds.

26—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Kestner beat Frankie Coster, ten rounds.
Bobby Green beat Joe Melito, ten rounds.

26—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Harry Battling Leonard beat Johnny Dixon, eight rounds.

27—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Luis Firpo knocked out Joe Burke, two rounds.

27—Rockaway Beach, Steeplechase A. A.:
Abe Goldstein beat Wilbur Achen, twelve rounds.
Joey Silvers beat Charley McCrann, six rounds.

27—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Earl Biard beat Moe Ginsberg, twelve rounds.
Izzy Schwartz beat Al Felder, twelve rounds.

27—West New York, N. J.:
Joe Borrell beat Frank Yarchan, twelve rounds.
Sammy Melfin beat Paul Alberts, six rounds.

27—Long Branch, N. J.:
Tommy Marks beat Bert Smithers, ten rounds.
Al Studdy beat Tom Driscoll, ten rounds.

27—New Haven, Conn.:
Frankie Genaro beat Frankie Daly, twelve rounds.

27—Boston, Mass.:
Jimmy Jones beat Dave Shade, ten rounds.

27—Juarez, Mexico:
Clem Johnson knocked out Sam Langford, thirteen rounds.

27—Holyoke, Mass.:
Dave Weber beat Young Carson, ten rounds.

27—Milwaukee:
Billy Wells knocked out Ray Conley, three rounds.
Eddie Goozeman and Eddie Brady, twelve round raw.

27—New Orelans, La.:
Miget Smith lost on a foul from Young Barrere, two rounds.

28—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Bill Tate knocked out Buddy Jackson, ten rounds.
Willie Singer knocked out Red O'Neill, three rounds.

28—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Cannonball Eddie Martin knocked out Joe Zellars, two rounds.
Sonny Smith beat Scotty Williams, six rounds.
Lew Chester beat Frank Koebele, six rounds.
Tony Palmer beat Patsy Broderick, six rounds.

30—Chicago, Ill.:
Morris Schlaiffer knocked out Jimmy Clabby, second round.
Mickey O'Dowd beat Jimmy Murphy, two rounds.

30—Butte, Mont.:
Tiny Jim Herman knocked out Jack McCarty, first round.

31—Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City:
Gene Tunney beat Dan O'Dowd, twelve rounds.
Joe White beat Silent Puryear, twelve rounds.
Willie Fentour beat Vic Clifford, six rounds.
Georgie Brown beat Frankie Maxwell, six rounds.

31—Oakland A. A., Jersey City:
Bobby Burns beat Joe Jackson, eight rounds.
Jack Feldman beat Johnny Clark, eight rounds.
Mike Kerns knocked out Skelly Lewis, eight rounds.
Joey Baker knocked out Walter Brooks, four rounds.
Dode Jackson knocked out Danny Lewis, two rounds.

31—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Pancho Villa beat Kid Williams, eight rounds.
Ad Stone beat Tom Roper, eight rounds.
Eddie Kid Wagner beat Elino Flores, eight rounds.
Harry Kid Brown beat Jack Bernstein, eight rounds.
Mike Ballerino beat Joe O'Donnell, eight rounds.

31—Boston, Mass.:
Red Chapman beat Providence Terry Martin, twelve rounds.

31—Aurora, Ill.:
Harold Smith beat Young Montreal, twelve rounds.

31—Detroit, Mich.:
Tiger Flowers beat Whitey Black, twelve rounds.

31—Los Angeles:
Bud Gorman beat Spec Ramies, four rounds.
Red Cole beat Joe Layman, four rounds.

31—Portland, Ore.:
Frankie Farmer and Marty Foley, no contest.
Mike de Pinto beat George Sollis, ten rounds.

AUGUST

1—Metropolitan Velodrome, New York City:
Dave Shade beat Paul Doyle, ten rounds.
Lou Bogash beat Panama Joe Gans, ten rounds.
Johnny Clinton beat Johnny Mendelsohn, ten rounds.
Al Norton knocked out Eddie Burnbrock, six rounds.
Johnny Mastraio and Tommy Galson, four round draw.

1—San Francisco:
Jimmy Duffy beat Travie Davie, four rounds.
Racehorse Roberts and Jimmy Burns, four round draw.
Teddy O'Hara beat Mike O'Leary, four rounds.
Eddie Mahoney beat Billy Gorbeau, four rounds.
Claire Bromer and Jimmy Ross, four-round draw.
Ad Remy and Cap Nelson, four round draw.
Tommy Cello knocked out Leo Dennison, one round.

1—San Francisco:
Tommy O'Leary and Johnny McManus, four-round draw.
Jimmy Butler beat Johnny Lamar, four rounds.
Henry Faligano and Bid Garber, four round draw.
Jimmy Bullen knocked out Eddie Hayes, one round.
Joe Monohan knocked out Eddie Lendewing, three rounds.
Eddie Hearns beat Frankie Bradley, four rounds.
Lou Richards beat Jimmy Lester, four rounds.

1—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Frankie Farren beat Sailor Ashmore, four rounds.

(*Continued on page* 38)

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

HENNY CATENA, who hails from Greenwich Village, and is the recognized flyweight champion of the National Guard, scored the most notable victory of his short career when he knocked out the game Johnny Buff, in the ninth round recently.

Catena has been winning his battles consistently for the past year, and is now in a position to demand a titular tilt with either Pancho Villa or Frankie Genaro.

Henny and Sammy Bienfeld are the two most aggressive little fighters among the flyweights in the East.

Johnny Green of Harlem, is one of the unfortunates who has considerable difficulty in getting started around here. Green has shown amazing speed and cleverness in his gymnasium workouts, and it looks as if he is being avoided by the local bantams.

Joey Schwartz, the crack Detroit bantam, who is making New York his headquarters, traveled to Wheeling, West Virginia, to deliver an artistic licking to Roy Moore, the toughed Baltimorean. Joey has fought some of the leading bantamweights in the country and is anxious to cross gloves with Joe Lynch.

Joe Borrell, the veteran middleweight from Philadelphia, who has been battling for fifteen years, is going stronger than ever. He won his last five starts. He wishes to have the error rectified that he was licked by Ray Newman, in their recent Jersey scrap. He has forwarded us clippings to the effect that he was returned the victor

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Jimmy Jones, the crack welterweight from Youngstown, Ohio, was chosen welterweight champion of the world so far as New York State is concerned, by reason of his victory over Dave Shade, who originally held that title. Jones certainly must have the goods, when he can lick Shade. He has beaten Pete Hobin, Marty Cross, Jack Perry, Barney Adair, and numerous others.

If Tommy Loughran, the youthful Philadelphia middleweight, can secure a decision match with Mike McTigue, the new Lightheavyweight King, a new champ may be crowned. Tommy recently beat Mike in Philly, then was defeated by McTigue in Jersey.

Charley White, the left-hook artist from Chicago, demonstrated to 11,000 cash customers at the New York Velodrome a few weeks ago that he still possesses the old knockout punch. He finished Ritchie Mitchell of Milwaukee in four rounds after dropping him several times. Ritchie is through as a top-notcher and should retire.

Charley Rosenberg of Harlem, fought a commendable battle against Carl Duane, the Bronx Steam-Roller, in the semi-final of 12 rounds.

Duane was required to make 121 lbs., but weighted 122½ against 118½ for Rosenberg Charley was compelled to go through with the match, but made a respectable showing, and won the plaudits of the crowd at the finish. Both scored knockdowns during their tussle.

Charley Rose is still complaining that they are dodging his flyweight Billy Bell. Rose declares that Bell is the equal of any 112 lb. boy in the country, and only wants an opportunity to prove it.

Tommy Moran of the west side is anxious to get Sammy Bienfeld into the ring with him. Tommy has an unknown grievance to settle, and wishes to settle it in ring combat.

Billy Houlihan, formerly known as Billy Hamilton, after a long layoff, will resume activities in the middleweight division. Billy, when in shape, would give Johnny Wilson, or any other 160 lb. man plenty of trouble, but he is not inclined to take training seriously.

Jack Stark, former State Amateur Featherweight Champion, following an idleness of over four months, engaged in three bouts within two weeks, winning two and drawing in the other. He beat Willie "Piper" Todd, and Lee Wedo, and held Jimmy Hutchinson even.

Archie Walker, the crack Brooklyn lightweight, who reigned supreme in the amateur ranks, recently was crowned lightweight champion of Cuba, when he polished off a "Joe Gans" in two rounds.

One of the best "club fighters" around these parts, is Ruby Stein of Brooklyn. Ruby weighs around 130 lbs., and never fails to provide action to the satisfaction of his admirers. He has decisions over Joe La Bate and Moe Ginsberg.

Bobby Walker, flyweight extraordinary from Staten Island, is meeting all local boys in his class with consistent success. Bobby has won his last several starts and will battle in the star bout class in the near future.

Sammy Bienfeld, the young east side flyweight, faced the crucial test of his limited career when he crossed gloves with Corporal Izzy Schwartz at a Brooklyn Club recently, and came through with colors flying. After ten hurricane rounds of milling Sammy was declared the victor, in what was declared one of the greatest fights among small boys witnessed in Brooklyn since the Horton Law days. Schwartz has beaten such men as Indian Russell, Clarence Rosen, Tiny Trinkle, Terry Miller, Mickey Nelson, Vincent Salvatore and has knockouts over Joe Dillon and Joe Dundee, which is quite a boost for the east side youngster, who has won seventeen consecutive victories. Bienfeld is being touted by New York experts as a coming champion. He personifies action from the word go.

Joey Leonard, younger brother of Champion Benny, has remained on the sidelines for the past several months. Joey has one of the best left hands in the game, as the writer, who received a sound licking from Joey, can testify. Were he to continue in the ring, he would make a good name for himself.

Carl Tremaine's stock took an awful drop when he was beaten by Harry Gordon, the Greenwich Village youth, a short time ago.

Cowboy Lee Williams, after resting all summer, has begun active training for an intensive winter campaign. Jimmie Lowe has several prospective matches in view for the cowboy, and intends to keep him on the move.

Pal Moran, lightweight champion of the South, and one of the foremost contenders for Benny Leonard's crown, is in the big city awaiting the call to keep him busy. Moran has had two stiff tilts with Benny, and would invite a third engagement.

Red Watson, a stablemate of Moran's, has had lots of difficulty in getting started in this vicinity. Red's reputation evidently arrived here before he did, and thus is being respected by the local bantamweights.

Eddie Brady is keeping constantly on the move, battling almost incessantly. He is a big favorite in New Orleans, and is gaining a national reputation. He is a Brooklyn product, and has won decisions over Babe Herman, Joey Sanger, Kid Sullivan, and is ranked with the leading featherweights of the country.

After thirteen years of tough grinding, Johnny Dundee finally gained his heart's desire, when he was crowned the featherweight championship of the world, by his overwhelming victory over Eugene Criqui. Although Johnny won in comparatively easy fashion, Criqui, the war veteran of France, and a "real" warrior, did not lose any friends by his gallant stand.

Benny Leonard, pride of Harlem, and all points South, proved that Brain was mightier than Brawn, when he humbled his most dangerous challenger, Lew Tendler, the Philadelphia southpaw, in their fifteen round struggle at the Yankee Stadium recently. Benny was compelled to use his head to the fullest extent, while he was in the ring, and he did not give "Lefty Lew" one single opportunity of bringing his famous and wicked left hook into play.

Jack Zivic, the promising young lightweight from Pittsburgh, created a favorable impression by winning handily over the rugged Johnny Darcy in the semi-final of ten rounds. Jack displayed a mighty fast left hand that kept working persistently in every session.

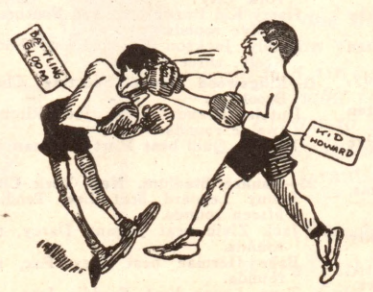
Jack Feldman of the east side, since moving to Jersey City, and fighting under the management of Lew Diamond, has advanced wonderfully, and is fully improved 100 per cent. He is a flyweight who must be given serious consideration.

"Dead Pan" Luis Firpo is getting wise. He started boxing in New York for $170 and is winding up by taking down a cool $100,000. If Dempsey beats him he will have enough left to keep him in peanuts for awhile.

Willard was confident of winning up until the Monday before the fight when his left arm "went dead" on him. Jess could hardly button his collar that morning and the arm was little better the day of the fight. He took a chance with it and lost. Who wouldn't for $123,000?

When Willard went down in his own corner, Jim Corbett held a

When in Chicago

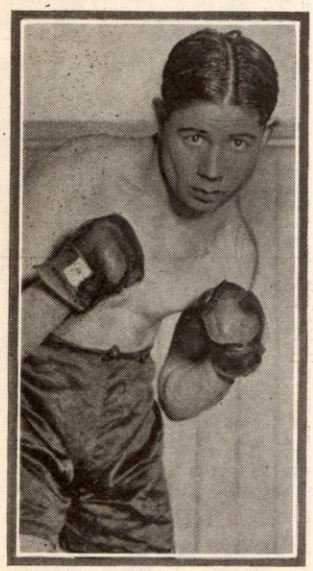


Out - of - town boxers are invited to train at Kid Howard's Famous Arcade Gymnasium.

32 South Clark St. Phone Dearborn 6280

seat right at his ear and told the big fellow to stay down until seven. "Now get up," said Corbett, shouting at Jess. The ex-champ pulled on the ropes but could not make it. The three right hand punches just ruined his legs and he failed to make the grade.

The betting on the big fight was in Firpo's favor at the start at 3 to 1, drifting to 2 to 1 at the ringside, but there were few Willard takers. Jack McAuliffe was 8 to 5 over Floyd Johnson, but looked 100 to 1 after the start. Jack wants to fight Johnson for nothing to prove the victory was a fluke. Looks like Johnson will meet Gene Tunney soon.



Jimmy Bones, a Bridgeport Flyweight who is making good in New York

Tex Rickard wore a smile when the sun came up early the day of the muss. It was ever thus with Tex. He has yet to draw a rainy day on the date of an open air show. Personal note—Tex also wears suspenders. Can't get over the old habit.

There is some talk of the New York boxing law "getting the gate" at the next meeting of the legislature in January. It is the same old "gab," but in the event that the game is killed, boxing will take a big boom all over the country. Out of town clubs fail to get the good talent on account of the big money made in Gotham.

Jack Barry, the ex-intercity amateur champion of Pittsburgh, is going to start a campaign in New York this Fall and should make good. Jack is going to take a whirl at the four round game on the Pacific Coast first to get his hand in. A real good lightweight with plenty of class.

Mickey Walker is getting better in every fight. Many predict he will stop Leonard if they ever meet.

Dempsey will be a 1 to 3 choice over Firpo when they meet and there will be many fans taking the short one. The champs can't last forever.

IN UPPER NEW YORK STATE

By LEN CARLSON

In the 12 round main event at the Arena, Syracuse, on July 27th, K. O. Johnny Michaels at 124½ won the judge's decision over Battling Barry of Syracuse, who scaled in at 128¾. The Jamestown pounded his heavier salt city opponent about the ring on many occasions, winning the verdict without being in danger at anytime.

Jack Pry at 143¾, won the judge's decision over Johnny Burke, 143, of Auburn, in the six-round semi-final. Pry was late in starting, but when he did open up he had Burke rocking as if on the deep sea.

Chief Halftown, scaling in at 157, gave Joe Packo of Toledo, 167, the toughest battle the latter has encountered in many a day in the 10-round main event staged at Mansfield, O., on July 30th. The bout was a no decision affair and the majority of fans thought a draw would be doing justice to both participants.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN (The North American)

Ad. Stone, one of Philadelphia's light heavyweights, after being idle from the ring for more than six months, got started again with an easy victory over Tom Roper of California. Stone will next be called upon to meet Tommy Loughran, the clever South Philadelphia boxer. Max (Boo Boo) Hoff has outlined a busy campaign for Stone.

Vic Conlon, the Altoona, Pa., sportsman, has taken over the management of George (Young) Erne, formerly of Buffalo. Vic is negotiating at present for a bout between Dick Conlon and Alex Hart at Altoona on Labor Day. Erne has issued a defi to all the 145 pounders.

Sammy Hahn saw all the sights in Columbus when he took Bud Christiano there for his bout with K. O. Mars. Christiano will be seen in action again in Columbus early in September against Pete Zivic.

Open air shows at the Phillies ball park this summer, which have been conducted by Messrs. Taylor and Gunnis have attracted unusually big crowds. They plan several more shows before the chilly season sets in.

Rosey Stoy is one of the latest bantamweight sensations up-state. The Lancaster, Pa, youth who comes from the town made famous by Leo Houck, has won a number of big bouts this summer.

Eddie (Kid) Wagner, one of Max Hoff's leading fighters, showed real class in his recent bout with Elino Flores, the Filipino. Wagner stepped along at a lively clip and gained the popular decision.

Johnny Mealey, who has been taking things easy this summer, plans to get back in the ring in the fall and will go into strict training right after Labor Day.

Alex Hart, former Cleveland lightweight, who was married soon after his recent bout with Benny Leonard, has started training at Ridley Park and has several bouts in view. He has taken an apartment in Clifton Heights, Bobby Barrett's home burg.

Young Sammy Marino, is training daily at Freddy Nitchie's gymnasium. Marino is a Milwaukee lad who has invaded the East and is on the lookout for ring rivals.

Nate Goldman, the Kensington lad, who surprised Pinkey Mitchell at the Phillies' Park this summer, is back in training and will be seen in a battle with Bobby Barrett, the Clifton Heights red-head.

Eddie McAndrews, a noted Philadelphia lightweight of some years ago, has turned promoter. He has decided to run open air shows in the Manayunk section

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Jack Moore, the southern colored heavyweight, is now residing in Philadelphia and will be ready to step into the ring early in the Fall. He has won decisions over John Lester Johnson and Jamaica Kid. Moore is a boilermaker.

Billy Gannon, the South Philadelphia Southpaw lightweight, has been busy issuing challenges to all the boys in his class, but so far they have turned a deaf ear to him Johnny Fone, his manager, plans another trip away from home in order to get Gannon in action.

Jack Lester is back in Phillie and is anxious to mingle with Bobby Wolgast, Benny Bass, Al Monahan, Benny Paschal or any of the other boys in his division. He has been training every day.

Tim Droney, the Lancaster lightweight, has been having a busy summer through the efforts of Manager Joe Kennedy. Tim has not sidestepped any of the boys and has made big jumps all over the country to fulfill engagements.

Ray McCarney, son of Billy McCarney, the veteran boxing manager and promoter, has taken a position in the advertising department of one of the Philadelphia papers. Young McCarney has handled a number of fighters in the last few years, but now intends to devote all his time to the ad. business.

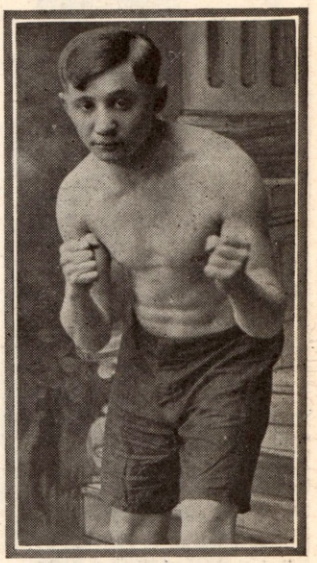
COLORADO NOTES

By SAM BUXBAUM

Frankie Manila, well known eastern bantamweight boxer, who has met some of the best boys his weight in the country is now making his home in Denver. Frankie has several good bouts in the makings.

Bud Hamilton's stock went up considerable when he won the newspaper decision from Midget Smith at Pueblo, Colo., Recently. His manager is getting some mighty fine offers for his services. Hamilton also won a ten round decision from Joe Kelly on July 4th at Salt Creek, Wyo.

Kewpie Callender, St. Paul Bantamweight boxer, who at one time was looked upon as a comer, is now making his home in Denver. Kewpie has started training and is about ready to tackle any bantam the promoters select for him. He is a fast, clever boxer and a great crowd pleaser.



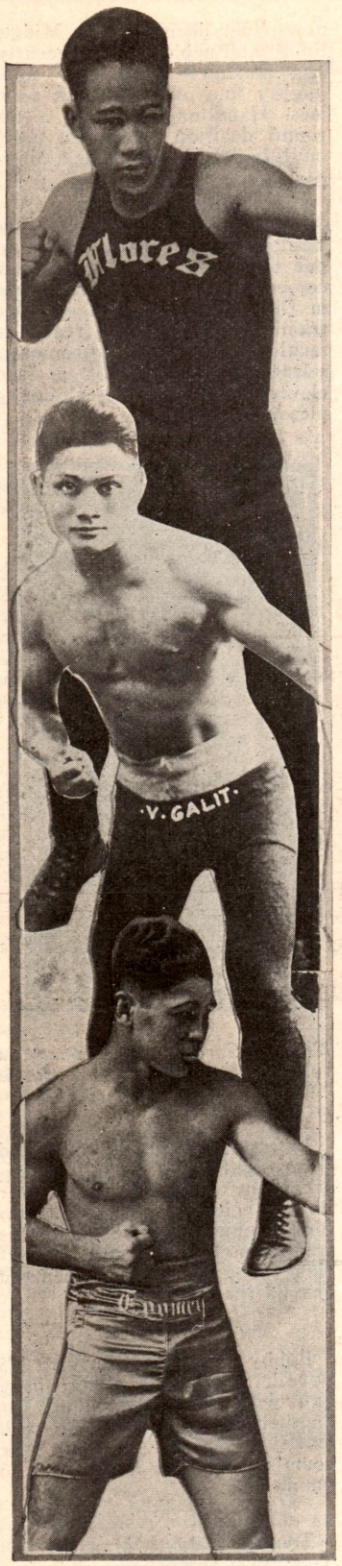
Kewpie Gordon, of Harlem, a veteran flyweight battler, who is attempting a comeback

Johnny Delmar, the rugged Iowa lightweight boxer, is another new addition to the Denver boxing colony. Delmar who has boxed some of the best boys his weight in the middle-west is getting to be in quite a demand around the Rockies.

Bobby Moore, Denver, 135 pounder, is coming along nicely and with careful handling for another year or two, he will make a serious opponent for some of the first flight boys to handle.

Tommy Eddy, Manager of Tommy Commiskey, the fast Denver stepping middleweight, will take his protege on an eastern tour some time in the very near future. Commiskey, has beaten every boxer of any note in and around these parts and will have to step out for other fields to conquer.

Tod Sloan with his fast coming lightweight protege, Willie Hope is about to leave for the four round game on the coast. They will go to Los Angeles where they have several bouts promised. Hope will make a hit with the fans on the coast as he is a willing mixer.



Macario Flores
Valentin Galit
Raymond Toomey
Three Filipino boxers

NEWS FROM EUROPE
By LEON SEE
Paris Correspondent

In a recent issue of "The Ring," I was foreseeing a great future for the young French featherweight Mascart, who never missed beating every man whom Criqui met, in less time than the champion did.

Mascart's last but one contest was against Billy Matthews, who lasted 17 rounds against Criqui, and who was supposed, in England, to be the Champion of Europe. Mascart stopped Matthews in 16 rounds, adding one more victory to his already very fine record.

With Matthews eliminated, two men only remained in England as good opponents for the Frenchman— MacAdam and Joe Fox.

Mascart faced the first named on July 3 at the Cirque de Paris. A hard fight was expected but it proved a very short affair, Mascart delivering the K. O. punch before the end of the second minute of the first round.

Joe Fox will probably be Mascart's next opponent if he can be induced to return from the States and the contest should be very interesting, considering that Fox was leading by a long way during the first ten rounds of his contest with Criqui in London.

Criqui won in the eleventh round, with one of his terrific right hooks, a punch which most of the British fans—mostly those who had backed Fox—still consider a lucky one.

If Mascart stops Fox in a lesser time, the young French hurricane will certainly be entitled to challenge Criqui for the European title and a victory over Criqui would make him a good opponent for Johnny Dundee.

The Nilles-Siki contest aroused much interest here because Nilles lasted seven rounds with Carpentier. The Senegaleese, boxing in better shape than ever, stopped Nilles in less than 4 minutes, in the first minute of the second round.

There is no doubt that Siki has greatly improved, and he would beat Carpentier again if they meet again.

The Senegaleese's troubles are far from finished. He appeared in court twice recently and was condemned to pay damages to a waiter whom he had struck in a café and also to a man who was hurt by a young lion which Siki was promenading in the streets.

His many managers are all suing him for breach of contracts. Siki has not received a cent for his last two contests. The different percentages signed by him to his eight managers amount to about 180 per cent. of his purses, and before he gets in a ring, his share of the purse is stopped by half a dozen writs.

Asked what he intended doing to give satisfaction to his eight managers, Siki replied : "Let them all get in a ring and fight a battle royal!"

Carpentier who was to box Beckett in July has been obliged to postpone the contest, owing to Beckett's injured hands. The French champion will sail to America to box Greb or any other light heavy weight.

A public subscription has been raised by "l'Auto" to offer a souvenir to Criqui and Eudeline. More than 10,000 francs have been subscribed by admirers of the new champion, at the maximum rate of one franc each. Criqui will have an enthusiastic reception when he returns.

The defeat of Ledoux in England by Lake, the British champion bantam, has created widespread discussion here. The French Federation has taken Deschamps to task for accepting the bout, and declares Ledoux has not lost the European championship because the bout was not held according to the Federation rules.

The boxing season is over in France till after the holidays; the next season which will start in September promises to be very good, and the Olympic games which will be held in Paris next year will undoubtedly bring many sportsmen to the gay City.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By KID MURPHY

With the warm weather here the gate receipts at the local boxing house fell off to such an extent that the local promoter closed his club until the cool weather again sets in.

Although boxing here has been on a shutdown, the local boys have been able to secure bouts out of town. Mickey Mooney, Trenton's lightweight and welterweight champ, has been fighting around Easton. He recently trounced Young Jack Dempsey, although Dempsey enjoyed a 15 pound advantage.

James Pinto, who trains Tommy Kid Murphy, claims to have the next Bantam Champion in this youngster. Jamy is a first class handler in the corner and is an asset to anyone under his care.

Joe Reno, after winning from Harry Kid Brown met his Waterloo at the hands of Georgie Weyman, the Shendoe Flash.

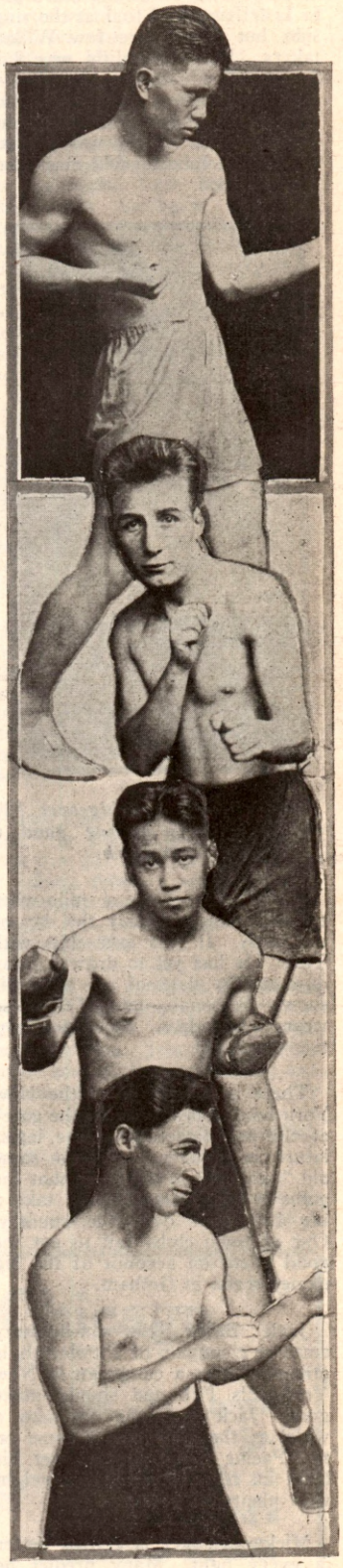
Trenton fans were given a chance to see Mickey Walker, Welterweight Champion, in action when he boxed four fast rounds with Danny Conney, the Robling Blond Tiger at the Young Men's League Field Day.

Tommy Kid Murphy, son of Kid Murphy, who was a top notcher in the early nineties, has been going like a house afire since coming back from the West last Christmas. Murphy has had 22 fights and has only one newspaper verdict rendered against him. In his last fight he scored a decisive triumph over Mickey Delmont. The fight took place at Long Branch. Murphy has been promised a bout there with Frankie Genaro in the near future.

MICHIGAN BOXING NEWS
By BEN POLLINGER

Luis Angel Firpo added another victim to his list of K. O.'s when he knocked out Joe Burke, Detroit heavyweight, in the second round of their scheduled ten round bout at Grand Rapids July 27. Firpo in the first round demonstrated his prowess when he sent Burke to the floor for the count of nine a few seconds after the opening gong. The first round saw Burke trying to box the "Wild Bull from the Pampas."

Burke at the outset did not have a ghost of a chance, as he was rushed from the start. Burke, in the first round landed several light blows but could do no damage to Firpo who blocked his hardest smashes. Firpo attempted to use the rabbit punch but was not successful as Burke



Irinco Flores
Pat Mills
Young Doningo
Pat Monahan
Boxers who are well liked in Manila

evaded it at every opportunity. Towards the end of the first round Burke landed a right to the stomach but the blow lacked enough steam to do damage to Firpo.

The second round opened with Firpo landing a hard right to Burke's jaw. A right cross to the jaw sent Burke down for the count, at seven he was up, they clinched, Firpo wrested himself loose, and sent a hard right hook to the jaw, sending Burke down

Leo Gates, one of the few Indians engaging in the fistic sport. He hails from the Mohawk Valley of New York

for the full count. Burke could not have gotten up if he was given a 100 count.

Sid Barbarian lightweight champion of Michigan is after a fight with Benny Leonard. Barbarian in his last fight defeated Sailor Friedman, one of Leonard's foremost contenders for lightweight honors. Sid is one of the best southpaws in the lightweight division. His record shows he has beaten Bobby Ward, Ever Hammer, Ted Meyers, and a host of other good boys. This is an impressive record we must say.

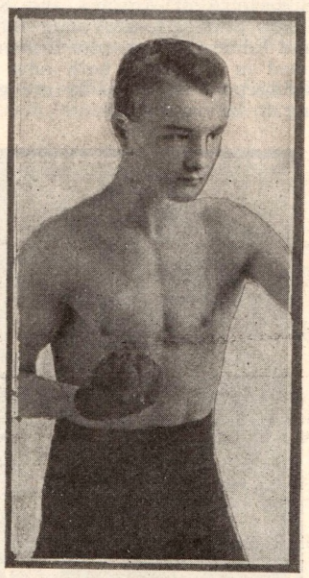
Al A. Day, well known Michigan boxing referee is keeping in shape these days by playing golf with the Michigan sport writers. It is too bad that he has to pick on these poor fellows. Day can be regarded as one of the golf players in this State if the scribes have their way about the matter.

Michigan boxing could be bettered if outdoor bouts were permitted. The Firpo-Burke fight in Grand Rapids a short while ago should have drawn a 15,000 crowd as fight fans came from every part of the State to see the new heavy sensation in action.

Detroit would be an ideal place for an open arena during the summer months. Three years ago an open arena was conducted by the National Sporting Club. At every bout that was held more than 5,000 people edged their way in. The Coliseum at the State Fair grounds is the largest place in which a fight can be held. 8,000 fans can be packed into this stadium.

Kid Buck, bantamweight champion of Michigan, has been matched to meet Billy Knowles, of Chicago, in a ten-round bout at Battle Creek, August 8. Buck is considered one of the best bantamweights in Michigan. He can hit from either mitt, which packs a hard wallop. If he is in any kind of shape he should beat the boy from the windy city. A large crowd is expected to see the bout.

In the semi-final, Bob Fox, welterweight champion of Panama, will engage Buck Taylor in a ten-round go. This bout should prove interesting as Fox is reported to be a hard socker. Taylor is a Mich-



Billy Palmer, hard-hitting Cleveland bantam who hopes to come East this winter

igan boy, making his home in Battle Creek. Both men are training hard for this bout as each hopes to land a knockout before the final gong.

Jack Renault, Canadian light-heavyweight champion, again will be seen in a Michigan ring. Renault has been matched to meet Farmer Lodge at Grand Rapids, August 20. This is the second heavyweight bout to be held in Grand Rapids within a month. July 27, Firpo put the K. O. on Joe Burke.

Renault should be returned the winner in this bout as he now stands one of the best heavyweights in that division. Lodge is a hard hitter and should give the Canadian boy a good fight. This fight should attract a large crowd to the Grand Rapids baseball park, where the bout will be held.

Learnard Post of the American Legion of Detroit will hold its annual boxing show Friday night, August 10, at the state fair grounds. The main bout will be between Bobby Green, of Detroit, and Tommy O'Brien of Milwaukee. Green twice has gained draws with Ray Preyel of Pittsburg. O'Brien has met such boys as Pinkie Mitchell and Johnny Mendelsohn, whom he defeated in ten rounds.

In the semi-final, Harry Gordon who gained a decision over Carl Tremaine in New York not long ago, has been matched to meet Howard Maybury of Minneapolis. This bout should be fast and furious, as both boys know how to mix matters. Gordon is favored to beat Maybury, as he is now in his

Willie Darcy, of the Bronx, who met an unexpected setback at the hands of Abe Goldstein. Just another case of being mismatched

prime, while Maybury is about through. Both men have gone into hard training for this bout. The men are bantamweights.

EDDIE HAYES COMPLAINS

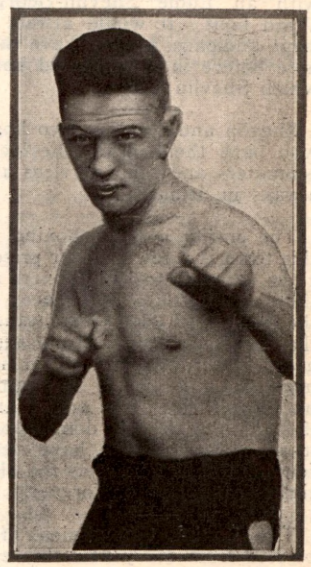
THE RING is in receipt of a complaint by Eddie Hayes, Manager of Len Brenner, in which Eddie takes exception to a statement by Raymond Price, Baltimore Correspondent of THE RING, relative to Brenner's ability. Hayes declares that in Brenner, he has a second Terry McGovern, who not only is the champion of the State of Pennsylvania, and of all States below the Mason and Dixon line, but also in Eddie's opinion, is superior to Pancho Villa. Hayes says that he can prove this assertion if any promoters will match the Filipino with the fighting Pennsylvanian.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
By COLMAN J. NEE

Boxing, in Boston, always a rabid sport town, is now riding at its highest peak. The recent Villa-Friedman and Shade-Jones bouts attracted record crowds, which is remarkable, considering that the bouts were held indoors on two of the hottest nights of the summer. The lesson the local promotors have learned from this, we hope, is that the fans will pay the freight when they are offered high class productions.

Shade and Jones, both favorites in Boston, having met and defeated Shevlin, the New England champion, furnished one of the best bouts witnessed here in years. Both boys fought as if their lives depended upon the verdict. Three times, Shade sent Jones to the canvas but each time the rugged Ohio boy fought back like a tiger and continued to swap blows with his more clever opponent. In the eighth round the fighting became so rough that both boys went through the ropes, carrying the referee with them. It was even going up to the tenth round, but Jones captured this frame and the award. It was a bout long to be remembered and one that will prove an attraction next time they meet, at any price.

The next time Pancho Villa exhibits his wares here he will be opposed by one of the greatest bantamweights developed



Vic Cragg, one of the rising crop of star western welterweights who hails from Cleveland, Ohio

here in recent years, Tommy Nee. This little fellow has met and defeated all New England opponents, and has not been defeated in two years, and right now is capable of giving the champion a warm session when they meet.

Frank Churchill, Villa's mentor, has promised Nee the next shot at his pet, and as the fans are all steamed up over it, the bout will be held outdoors, as none of the local halls can accommodate the crowd that it would attract. Nee recently disposed of his most persistent challenger, Henry Ford, a boxer of no mean ability, by a knockout in two rounds. His clean tactics inside the hempen square and his willingness to take on all comers have made him solid with the matchmakers and the fans alike. A lot of Nee's success can be attributed to the careful handling he has received from his trainer and manager, Fred Weiderhold, one of the best trainers in these parts.

Hambone Kelly, the Babe Ruth of the local middleweights,

is on the shelf with a damaged hand, sustained in his bout with George Shade, whom he disposed of in four rounds.

Eddie Polo, the Maine bantam, was in town to look Villa over in his bout with Friedman, and he left for Maine with a very good impression—and then some.

Wildman Gould, the Nick Altrock of the ring, has threatened to retire if they don't arrange five or six bouts a week for him. He sure is a glutton for work.

Jimmy Manning, former New England Amateur Flyweight Champion, is going great guns since joining the money-chasers. He is in the Weiderhold stable.

It is rumored that a new club is soon to enter the local field with an Eddie Shevlin-George Ward bout. It would attract a large audience, as they have met here before in a whirlwind bout which Shevlin won.

Shevlin and Nee are two boys who pack them in for the local promoters and their services are always in demand.

The crying need of boxing in this town is a few popular priced clubs catering to local boxers as there is dearth of new faces in the local rings. It seems strange that a city that has sent out such great performers in the past has neglected this end of the game, but nevertheless, it is a fact, and if something is not done about it soon, Boston will have very few high-class boxers as the old-timers cannot go on forever.

The Boxing Commissions' fee of $800 from every new club entering the field, and twenty-five dollars from every boxer, be he a beginner or main-bouter, undoubtedly has a lot to do with this state of affairs. Until they come to earth conditions will remain unchanged.

WITH THE NUTMEG FANS

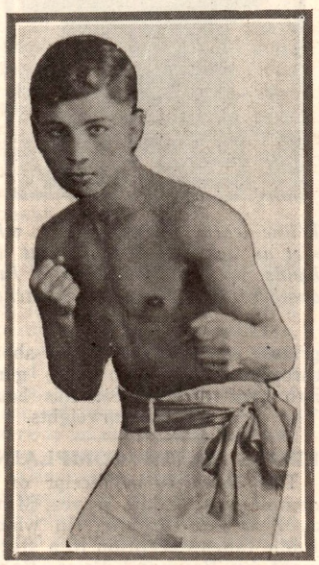
FRANKLYN J. ADAMS,
Sporting Editor, Meriden (Conn.) Morning Record

Momaughin Beach is becoming quite the thing for Connecticut fighters. Kid Kaplan of Meriden has taken over a cottage at this place where he keeps in condition for his bouts from time to time. In addition to Kaplan there are Joe Currie, Chic Brown, Mickey and Tony Travers and Young Monguese of New Haven, Georgie Day of Bridgeport, Tracey Ferguson of Wallingford and Young Silverburg of Ansonia all working out by the bounding billows.

Mickey Travers has introduced his younger brother, Tony, to the ring game. Tony took quite a beating recently at New Haven from the hands of Georgie Day of Bridgeport. Day however was a bit lenient with Tony and refrained from knocking him out, a thing which many at the ringside declared could have been done easily.

Rudolph Valentino may be the Sheik of the Cinema but when it comes to the prize-ring you can lift your skimmer to Young Leonard of Wallingford. Leonard has had so much success in the heart-breaking game he has been nicknamed "The Sheik." This title was signed, sealed and delivered by the sport-writers and the public was not slow in picking it up. Recently he fought Chic Brown of New Haven on the latter's own battlefield and received the worst end of the decision. That didn't make any difference with Leonard or his lady friends as there were several waiting for him outside the park after the battle. The reception he got in front of the dispersing fans will long be remembered. Leonard surely was envied by everyone that saw the proceedings.

Sammy Waltz, Hartford featherweight, is planning to leave the Insurance city for the Pacific Coast. Dame Fortune has been exceedingly good to the youngster and Sammy can boast of a bankroll around some twenty thousand odd smackers. Dabbling in the real-estate business in Hartford has been a money maker for Sam and his departure is keenly regretted. In his appearances through the State in affairs pugilistic he has always given the fans their money's worth. While around here he has fought Joe Lynch, Dutch Brandt, Willie Murphy, Kid Kaplan, Joe Currie and Al Shubert.

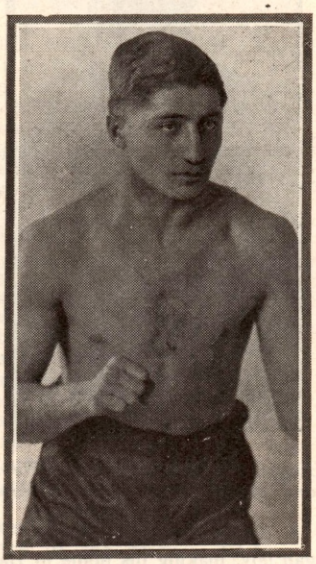


Joe Dillon, who retired from the ring to become a jockey, has returned to his first love—boxing

Young Silverburg of Ansonia, a 120-pounder, recently jumped into the pugilistic spotlight by pasting the daylights out of Kid Lewis of Hartford. Lewis, because of his recent showing against Frankie Jerome, was strongly favored to win. But the youngster gave one of the best exhibitions of boxing seen hereabouts for some time and, as a result, he has been mentioned for bouts in the future with better men than Lewis.

Sailor Maxted, who gained a little fame recently by attaching Luis Firpo's share of the receipts in his battle with Jess Willard was born at Wallingford. Maxted recently completed seven years of service in the navy and was heavyweight champion of the Atlantic, Pacific and Asiatic fleets.

George Dwyer of Bridgeport jumped into the traces recently at Meriden and took charge of the fight that was originally scheduled for Hanover park. Dwyer changed the site to the City Hall Auditorium and signed up Tracey Ferguson and Young Leonard of Wallingford for the main bout. At this writing he is also planning for a return engagement between Young Silverburg of Ansonia and Kid Lewis of Hartford. Young Luby and Eddie Corbett, who formerly lived in Hartford, both now of Bridgeport undoubtedly are going to be on the bill.



Benny Valger, the "French Flash," who recently defeated Billy De Foe, and is hot on the trail of Johnny Dundee

This seems to be a year of comebacks among the Connecticut fighters as some of the old favorites are donning the gloves again with a great deal of success. Chic Brown, Harry Williams, Jack McNulty and Collie Pleines have all returned to the game and rumors of several others are circulating. Strange to say the come-back fever has hit New Haven the hardest for these four above-named battlers claim the Elm City for their home. It is about time to hear from the one-time famous Battling Kunz of South Norwalk.

Fight fans of New Haven and vicinity failed to take kindly to the bout there at the Nutmeg A. C. outdoor show between Frankie Genaro, flyweight champ, and Frankie Daly of Staten Island. July 27. Neither attempted to do any heavy fighting and Genaro, evidently sensing that Daly was in the ring for the money more than anything else, spared his opponent. The Nutmeg A. C. has been doing its level best to stage the best bouts they could get and were not blamed by the press for the fizzle. Fights like this though will spoil the game in the State not to mention the harm it does the club itself.

Kid Kaplan of Meriden has been signed to meet Tommy Noble at the Velodrome, New York, August 8. He was to have met Bobby Garcia but the opponent for Kaplan was changed for some reason or other.

Charlie Pilkington is equally dividing his attention between New York and Meriden. He landed back in the Connecticut town during the last week of the month and may appear in some bouts hereabouts before returning to Gotham.

Johnnie Shugrue of Waterbury has fully recovered from his operation and is now training for a comeback stunt. There is a possibility that he will be matched with Kaplan later but his first will be with Chic Brown of New Haven some time around the first of August. This bout is so far advanced into the stages of making that it is safe to say that it is a "sure thing."

BUFFALO BOXING NOTES

By HUGH SHANNON

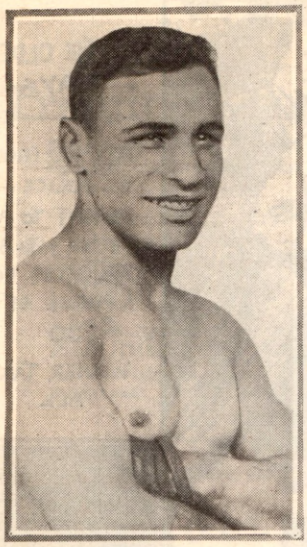
Buffalo has not seen much boxing this Summer, due mostly to the fact that the Buffalo baseball park, the only available outdoor arena in this city, has been practically rebuilt and the fence and grandstand have been torn down and a new concrete wall built about the place. A new grandstand and bleachers is being erected and next season boxing should go over big here.

Across the river in Canada at Fort Erie, the Great War Veterans of Canada have been staging shows, and while the crowds have been none too large, the prospects are bright and with good attraction the Vets will do better right along.

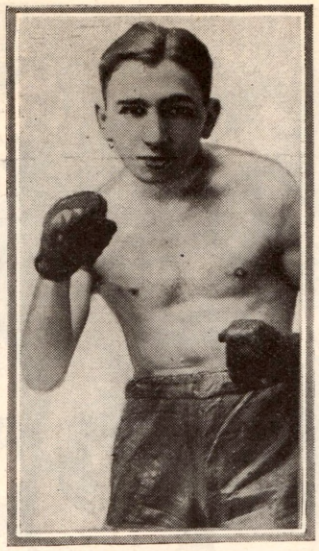
Jack Oakes, the demon negro welterweight, who is a big card hereabouts, knocked out Charlie Godfrey, the Winnipeg welter, in the first round of a scheduled ten-rounder. Despite the brevity of the affair the fight was replete with action while it lasted. Oakes is a terrific puncher and will come close to winning the welter title next season.

Tommy Ryan, the bantam star; Frankie Schoell, welter crack; Jimmy Goodrich, lightweight; Teddy Meyers, Jimmy Slattery Freddy Thompson and others, are resting up for the Fall season. Bert Finch, mentor for Schoell, and his protege are taking life easy at Crystal Beach.

Rocky Kansas defeated Johnny Mendolsohn in Milwaukee when they met July 11th, but Johnny gave Rocky a hard battle, according to reports. Mendolsohn came in four pounds overweight for the first date, July 5, and Kansas insisted on a postponement and that Mendolsohn do the weight. A com-

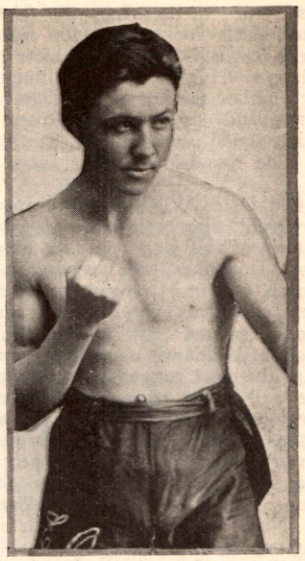


Joe Ritchie, Newark's representative in the Lightweight division. He is a hard hitter.



Jackie Fields, Richmond Featherweight, who is touted high in the South

George K. O. Chaney, of Baltimore, is still trying his knockout punch on the various lightweights



Eddie O'Dowd, of Columbus, Ohio, contender for world's bantam title

promise was made and the new weight was fixed at 137 instead of 135. Mendolsohn just made it and was strong as a bull.

Kansas will not box again this Summer. He plans to rest up until Fall and then begin a strenuous campaign.

Buffalonians think it mighty queer that Tommy Ryan, our sensational bantam, is being passed up by such fighters as Joe Burman, Carl Tremaine, etc. Ryan gave Burman two good lickings in Louisville and can whip him every day in the week at 118 pounds. Ryan is the best boy of his weight in the world and last season he whipped Irish Johnny Curtin and Terry Martin to referee's decisions and soundly trounced Young Montreal in a bout at Providence. The referee called this match a draw, but every one of the newspapers said Ryan won with room to spare.

Phil O'Dowd, the well-known Columbus bantam, is going to make Buffalo his headquarters. O'Dowd is a corking good boxer and can beat a lot of good bantams.

GOSSIP FROM THE SOUTHLAND

By MAL McGILVERY

Matters fistic in the far-flung Southland since the last issue of THE RING has been fraught with greater interest than at any other period in the history of legalized boxing.

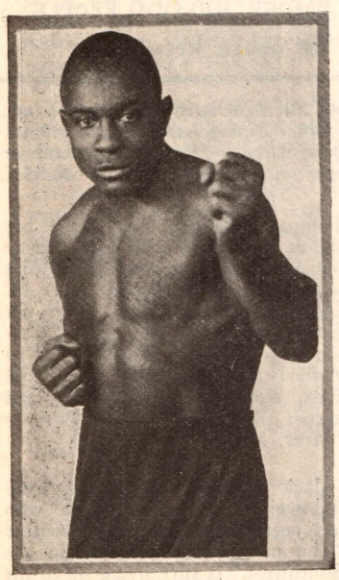
The reason for this is that with the start of the newly-formed Monroe A. C. in the Northern section of the State of Louisiana, fans throughout the commonwealth are being catered to in a manner that cannot help but be for the betterment of the greatest sport in the athletic field.

Bobby Hughes, the South's veteran bantam, not in actual age, but in ring service, staged one of the greatest battles of his life in Shreveport, July 16, when he gained the referee's decision over Aguinaldo Kid, the little brown laddie from the Philippine Islands. The first four rounds showed the Kid 'way out in front and it looked to the fans that Hughes was in for a neat pasting. Altering his style and going into to slug, Hughes made his stand a winning one and, although there was not a vast difference at the finish, Hughes earned the third man's vote.

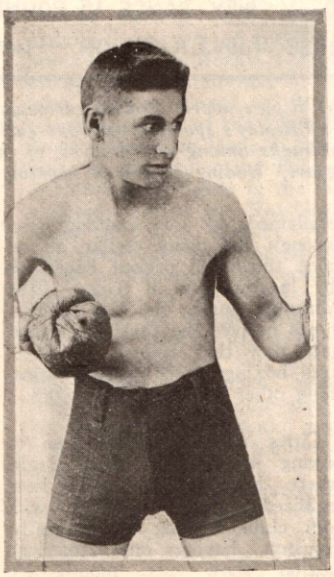
Two weeks later and also in Shreveport, one of the big centers in the South today, Hughes bit off more than he could well masticate when he faced Dandy Dick Griffin, Fort Worth, over the fifteen rounds decision route.

At no stage of the battle could Hughes' greatest admirers give him a point of advantage. Entering the ring a shades favorite, he had never tasted defeat in a Shreveport ring, Hughes started out to box, but Dandy Dick was there with not only the scientific stuff but the kick behind the punch and showed railbirds the fastest two-handed fighting perhaps ever seen in the South. Seven times Hughes sank to the canvas, groggy, out on his feet, but with his great big fighting heart the little Southerner returned to the attack and refused to give in.

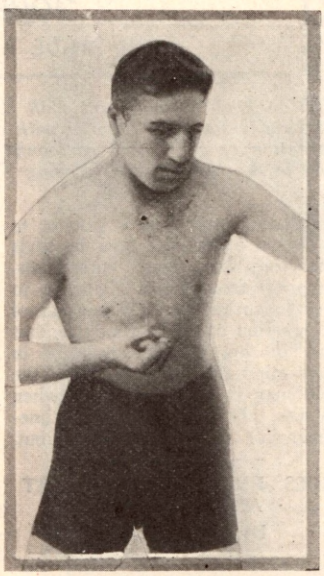
He was smashed against the ropes, took a beating that would have caved in a heavyweight but, like Oliver Twist, came back for more—and received it! Griffin, displaying the form that made him popular when back East, took pity on his opponent, but his artistic manner of "holding up" the other was done so well that the veriest roughneck could find no grounds for kicking. Dandy Dick looked to this writer to be better than he was two years ago and, although the Texan is out with the statement that this will be his



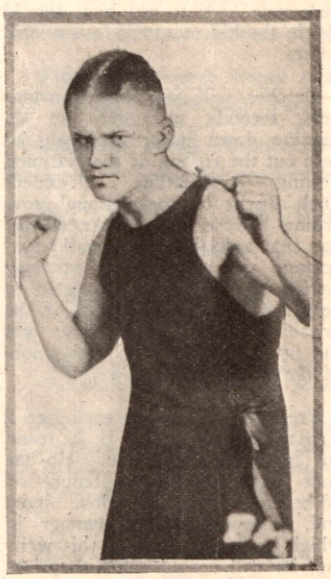
George Godfrey, a protege of Jack Johnson, whose championship aspirations were exploded by Jack Renault.



Patsy Willard, clever little flyweight from Providence, R. I., who is eager to meet the top-notchers in his class—barring none.



Danny Coogan, crack featherweight from Montreal, Canada, who has fought all the leaders in his division ,and sends special defi to Kid Roy.



Battling Kelly of Richmond, Va., claimant to the lightweight championship of the South, has won 31 straight battles, 23 by the knockout route.

last year in the ring, the Lone Star stater looks good for many more battles. Two nights after he whipped Hughes, Griffin jumped into outlaw territory at El Dorado, Ark., and stopped Ray Rose, a fairly good semi-windup bantam, in nine rounds.

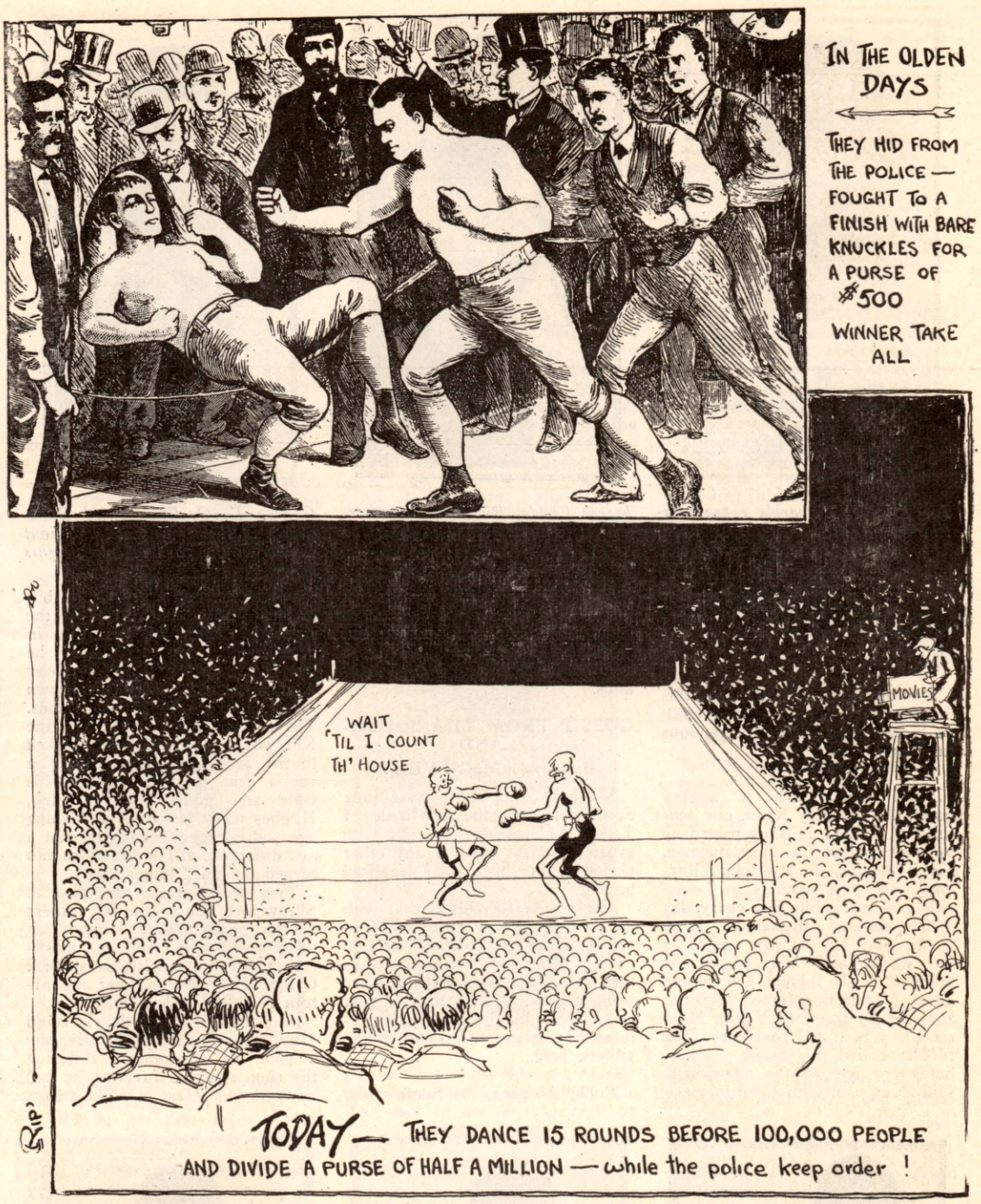
Kid Delos Williams, Shreveport flyweight who earned the glowing praises of this writer in THE RING last December and again last month, will insist on signing up to meet opponents who outweigh him six, seven and eight pounds. Although Williams is rugged, perhaps the most rugged boy south of the well-known M. and D. line, nature must exact her toll and just as often as the diminutive Shreveporter tackles the bigger opponents, just so often will he fall into the soup. He faced Pascal Colletti, of New Orleans, last month in Shreveport, and although decisively beaten on points, received a draw.

Williams cannot spot topnotchers like Colletti an ounce in weight and the sooner he learns this, the higher will he mount on the fistic ladder. At 110 to 112, Williams stands ready to meet anyone in this country and THE RING is authority for the challenge to all.

Monroe fans apparently cannot tire of seeing Grady Franklin, welterweight, in action, judging by the hearty manner they have turned out three times in a row to see him whip his opponents, Euell Paul, Lawton, Okla., was the first of the victims to cuddle the canvas, one round sufficing to show the Oklahoman the error of his way. Tommy Storie, Texarkana, Ark., staged a great battle in the second engagement but, suffering from a dislocated finger, Storey was compelled to ease up and so lost out at the final tally. Tony Demopolis, better known as Tony the Greek, was sent to the mat so often during Franklin's third showing that it became monotonous and, finding the easy way out, Tony hit low and was ruled out. Franklin looks like he will make them all take water around the South. He has youth, stamina aplenty and with the necessary kick to aid him, should get in the big money before winter comes.

October will see boxers, managers, seconds, promoters, et al., digging down into their jeans to help out the coffers of the National Boxing Association. President Dick Burke of the national governing body suggested some time ago that a small (very small) percentage of all boxers' earnings during next month be donated to help the financial workings of the organization and THE RING was the first publication to make note of the novel move.

Prexy Burke has labored like a Trojan to make the N. B. A. stand for just more than that. He has done more during his tenure of office to elevate the glove sport and, judging by the manner in which he is operating at this writing, he will spring some surprises before he relinquishes office at the next annual general meeting of that body. Every day Dick is at his desk in New Orleans, busy up to his neck in the business of the Association, and it is a wonder to his legion of friends how he finds time for his private enterprises. Jumping from New Orleans to Shelby, Burke not only supervised the erection of the actual ring but gave of his fistic knowledge in many other directions and was the right man in the right place when he was chosen as official timekeeper for the "boom" title bout.



Through an arrangement with Robert Ripley, world famous cartoonist, and the Associated Newspaper, Inc., RING readers will be favored with one of Ripley's sporting cartoons each month. Ripley has an international reputation as a sporting cartoonist and ranks among the leaders of his profession. His cartoons appear daily in the New York "Evening Telegram," leading afternoon sporting paper in the Metropolitan district.

BITS FROM SOUTHWEST AND MEXICO

By DON "CEE"

Unusual interest is being displayed in the glove sport around the Southwest, now and several new towns have opened up to the game, that hitherto have been closed. The new interest can be explained, by our claiming, that through the many stellar attractions shown to packed houses in the largest city in Texas (San Antonio) during the past months, it has revived the fans' confidence, until now they believe an advertised boxing match will be something other than a merry waltz.

Cities that are now open to boxing in the Lone Star State, where boxing has never been legalized are, San Antonio, with four clubs running intermittently, Houston, having one American Legion show per month. Ft. Worth has one big show per month. Laredo, Texas, runs two shows per month at their Army Post, Ft. McIntosh, with Lieutenant E. E. Cox matchmaking, Nuevo Laredo, Tampas, Mexico, runs two big shows per month with Don Curley and Aurelio Cavozoz being the joint promoters, Bracketville and Ft. Clark, Texas, runs two shows per month, promoted by Judge Stratton and Druggist McIntyre. The game is also very good around El Paso and Ft. Bliss, Texas, and across the river from El Paso in Juarez, Mexico.

Jack Fowler, the flashy little lightweight of San Antonio, who has been dubbed by sport writers "The most perfect fighter in the Southwest," is sure living up to his sobriquet. He fought a slashing fifteen round battle with Frankie McFarland down in Neuvo Laredo, Tampas, Mexico, on July 15, at night time and in the dark,

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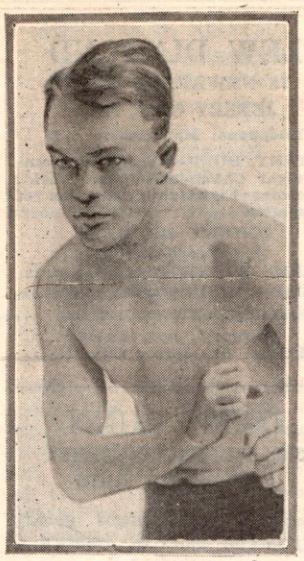
as the bull ring was not wired for electricity. After the excitement of cashing in at the Mexican city and barely catching his train home after a wild ride in a Mexican taxi and arguing with the customs officials, he rode all night on the way back to San Antonio, where on the next night he gave Brooke Stephens, a tough southpaw, a sound trimming for ten rounds.

Brooke Stephens, who formerly fought under the name of "Kid Monte," is a great, game little hard punching lightweight and has a long way to go in the boxing game, but he has a few more of the finer points of glove pushing to learn, before stacking up against boys of Fowler's calibre!

The system of giving decisions through judges, has proved the bunk in Mexico City during the past, as they are as apt to give the decision to the referee or a water boy as they are to the fighter who really deserves the decision.

The boxing fans of Mexico City are as well behaved as any audience one sits with in this country, the U. S. A. There are 85,000 Americans living in the City of Mexico and it seems that every one of them is an ardent fight fan.

Eastern and Middle Western good boxers, contemplating a trip to the Pacific Coast, will be able to work their way out by coming over the Southern route and stopping off in Shreveport, La., where Mal (Doc) McGilvery is sure to give them one or more shots, as Mal is now the sole owner and matchmaker of two boxing clubs, one in Shreveport, La., and the other in Monroe, La., which is but 100 miles from Shreveport. Both clubs are drawing well. The Shreveport club runs four shows per month. Mal McGilvery, matchmaker, can be addressed at the National Sports Club, Shreveport, La.



Arlos Fanning, Kansas City featherweight, with a record of notable achievements.

After visiting in Shreveport for a few bouts one can drop over to San Antonio, Texas, where there are three strong clubs running and at least one show per week is put on by one or other of the clubs. Address Jack Fowler and Don Curley, as joint matchmakers for the Travis Arena Club at 110 W. Travis street, San Antonio, Texas, and Don Curley, as matchmaker for the Kelly Field Officers' Athletic Club at 110 W. Travis street, San Antonio, Texas, and Jack Shelton as matchmaker for the Businessmen's Athletic Club at the Soledad Roof Garden, San Antonio, Texas.

After visiting awhile in San Antonio enroute through the Southwest to California, the good boxing talent is invited to drop into El Paso, Texas, at the extreme west end of the Lone Star State, where Jim Irwin is the big noise in the promoting field and is running his fights in the large bull ring across the Rio Grande River in Juarez, Mexico. Visiting boxers are guaranteed plenty of action and keen competition in any of the above named spots. Many of the best boxers in the country are developed in the Southwest but are not heard from so much because they stay around home and are satisfied to box and make money without leaving their home town.

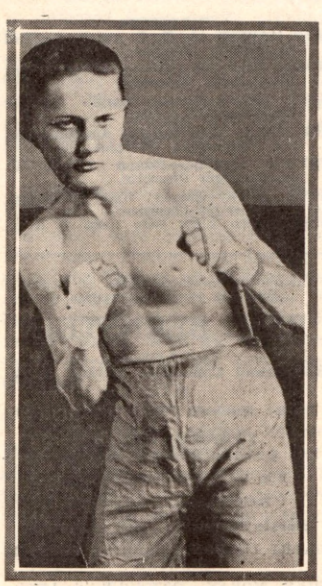
Bobby Green is one example of the Southwestern boxer who left home for awhile to try conclusions with strange surroundings and opponents. Now Bobby's San Antonio, home-town followers are reading many Associated Press stories where Bobby is beating many of the best lightweight boxers in the North, East and Middle West and is matched to fight Charlie White soon.

Due to Billie Cosmos, welterweight champion of the Second Division of the army camp stationed near San Antonio, having his finger broken while catching a baseball the day before his scheduled 12-round boxing tilt with Erbie Moak, the Shreveport, La., flash, Jack Willis, the promising junior welter of San Antonio, was substituted at the last minute to take Cosmos' place. He made a great name for himself by his bull doggedness and tenacity in going the limit with his canny, hard-hitting opponent. Willis scored the first knockdown of the bout in the second round, with a wicked left hook to Moak's chin and then proceeded to win the following two rounds, but after that, using the vernacular of the day, Young Jack, blowed his cork and it was a matter of ability to take it and plenty of courage, that kept him going the limit of twelve rounds.

Willis took the nine count three times from the fourth till the twelfth round but was milling back furiously every minute he was on his feet. The fans lucky enough to see the bout never sat down after the second round and when they filed out of the arena, all declared it was the best fight they had ever seen.

Moak and Willis fought on July 19th and immediately after the bout Moak was matched to fight Cosmos on the next card, scheduled for August 2d, and Willis was matched with Chuck Burns, who has just returned from a very successful tour of the middlewest. Both fights will prove classics.

Erbie Moak demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt in his battle with Jack Willis that he is entitled to his claim of junior lightweight champion of the South. After his next fight, August 2d, in San Antonio, Moak will journey to the Big City (New York) looking for work among the Eastern top-notch boys. We predict that Moak will be set in solid with the fans after his first start in New York.



Irish Jimmy Clayton, a clever bantam of Los Angeles. Clayton has won many four-round bouts on the Coast and expects to head East soon

On Sunday afternoon, July 22d, the lightweight championship of Mexico again changed hands. The crown now sets on the brow of Tom White of Texas City, Texas, who has been down in Mexico City looking for a shot at the title for the past two months. White won the title by virtue of his knockout over Jimmy Dundee, the rugged New York Italian. Dundee won the championship of the republic two months ago by winning a twenty-round decision from Joe Brown, a Pacific Coast boy, who in turn had previously won the title from Mercy Montez through a knockout administered in the eighteenth round of a scheduled fifty-round fight.

Jimmy Dundee and Mercy Montez are the two lightweights who fought fifty-three rounds in Mexico City about eight months ago, with Montez winning.

Jimmy Finley, welterweight boxer of Louisville, Kentucky, and whose claim to the championship of the South is undisputed, will hereafter be under the direction of his old mentor, Don Curley, now of San Antonio, Texas. Finley has been one of the busiest boxers in the Middle West and South during the past twelve months, having had forty fights, losing but one of them and that to the celebrated Tim Droney, a twelve-round hairline decision.

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Among Finley's opponents have been Young Wallace, Dude Martinez, Red McLachlin, Jack Ranch, Red Herring, Battling Budd, Fearless Ferns, Walter Wyke, and out of eighty-five fights Finley has scored thirty-four knockouts. He will probably make his Southwestern debut against Cowboy Padget, at Juarez, Mexico, on Labor Day, in a fifteen-round decision bout.

HEARD IN BALTIMORE
By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

Johnny Dundee, new featherweight champion, will be busier dodging challenges than he will be defending his title in the ring. Eddie Mead, who guides the destinies of Andy Chaney, Baltimore's entry in the featherweight division, is determined to force the Scotch Wop to sign for a match with his boy. Mead stoutly maintains that had Andy been given first chance at either Kilbane or Eugene Criqui, the Oriole City would have produced its third pugilistic champion. Dundee should confine his activities to his own class and not look for a battle with Benny Leonard for the lightweight title as has been reported. There are enough good boys at his own weight who can give Johnny plenty of competition.

Just when Eddie Burnbrook, the Camp Holabird welter, was gliding smothly along the way to fame Al Norton of Yonkers threw a monkey wrench in the shape of a hefty right hand wallop into Eddie's machinery and when the soldier lad awoke he found himself on the loser's end of a fast six-round bout. Norton and Burnbrook were mixing it pretty lively in a bout at the New York Velodrome and the Maryland mauler was leading by a city block when he grew careless. Norton, quick to take advantage of the opening, swung his right and Burnbrook took a trip to Slumberland.

Benny Franklin has added Frankie Rice to his stable and hopes to get the East Baltimore lightweight into a winning stride again. Rice hasn't appeared in a local ring since George Chaney knocked him out in the first round last winter, but Franklin thinks Rice has a few good bouts in his system yet and hopes to have him show his real form again.

With his defeat at the hands of Pancho Villa, the Filipino flyweight, in Philadelphia on July 31, Kid Williams practically passed into oblivion so far as the boxing game is concerned. Villa came near finishing the former Tiger in the first stanza, and it was only by good generalship that he stuck out the round. Again in the second period Williams was feeling queer, but he weathered a storm of punches and improved slighty toward the end of the mill.

Max Waxman, who promoted a number of good boxing shows at the Gayety Theatre last season, expects to get his club into action again within a few weeks and will stage weekly bouts. Max has several first class attractions in view and will have an announcement ready shortly.

Nate Carp and Kid Murray, both Baltimore boys, were losers in their bouts in Atlantic City on July 16. Charlie Ray, of Philadelphia, trimmed Carp, while Mickey Papner, also of the Quaker City, stopped Murray in the eighth round. Murray took a good lacing and was floored several times before the end came.

George Chaney, now restored to good standing in Philadelphia, is camping on the trail of Jack Bernstein, junior lightweight champion. It will be remembered that Tex Rickard created the junior title when Chaney and Johnny Dundee hooked up in New York several years ago. Dundee was proclaimed the winner of the bout and the holder of the new crown when Chaney fouled the New Yorker in the eighth round. George has started training and will agree to do 130 for the Yonkers lad.

FROM QUEBEC CITY
By MAXIE LEWIS

Chris Newton, Toronto's fighting "HARP," who is now making his home in Montreal, easily had the better of Kid Dube, of Lewiston, Me., in eight of the ten rounds. The first two were even, both men being cautious and feeling each other out, but from the third round on the blond Irishman demonstrated his superiority over his French-American opponent.

Newton won mainly through the constant use of a snappy left hand, which had Dube's head bobbing back on countless occasions, Dube, however, kept tearing in, but Newton was too shifty for him. It was plainly seen that Dube felt irritated, for he kept missing repeatedly. During one stage of the fight Dube invited his more clever opponent to come in and "fight," which he did, going in and outslugging the Lewiston battler at his own game. Newton weighed 133 pounds and Dube 134.

Joe Stanley, of Philadelphia, scored a technical knockout over Tony Vatlin of Boston, in the fourth round of the ten-round main bout, at the Kent House on July 23rd. In the semi-final of ten rounds, Ralph McNaughton, flyweight champion of Canada and pride of Quebec, defeated George Bolduc, of Lewiston, Me.

Does winning a decision mean winning a fight?

A bad decision sometimes will do more to injure the boxing game in a city than a "fake" will. The first question arises over the verdict handed the fight fans of Quebec in general and Chris Newton in particular. According to newspapermen and critics at the ringside, Newton won eleven of the fifteen rounds in his return fight with Kid Dube of Lewiston, Me., whom he defeated three weeks previous. Dube was credited with three rounds while one was even, yet the judges awarded Dube the decision. Newton won easily and the verdict against him was unjustified.

In the ten-round semi-final, "Kid" Williams of this city earned the "decision" over Sammy Pierce of Montreal. Pierce was forced to do all the leading, as Williams evidently was in there to stay the limit, and fought an entirely defensive battle, with his left shoulder covering his jaw throughout the bout.

The six-round prelim between Burns and Carpentier was a lively affair with the former winning. The bad decision in the main bout was the only stain on an otherwise excellent programme.

Ralph McNaughton, local flyweight, was presented with a gold belt by Promoter Montminy, emblematic of the flyweight championship of the Province of Quebec.

MONTREAL NOTES
By MAXIE LEWIS

There seems to be no way to stop Kid Roy, the Canadian featherweight champion. Boxers or fighters are all the same to him. Roy Moore's is the latest scalp that was added to his ever-increasing collection, when in ten one-sided rounds the "Kid" battered the St. Paul "harp" from pillar to post, easily winning the decision of both judges. Danny Coogan won from George Girardin in the ten-round semi-final, while Ted Cossette, the latest sensation in the local lightweight division scored a K. O. over Kid Marshall in the fifth round of the opening ten-round bout.

Benny Cohen and Russ Leighton wish to announce the opening of their new gymnasium and billiard parlor at Phillips Sq. and St. Catherine street, where all visiting boxers may work out in ease and comfort, also every courtesy will be tendered them. Every afternoon will find a host of local boxers training there, amongst others will be found Chris Newton, Sammy Pierce, Solly Green, Moe Herscovitch, Jack Thomas, Oscar Deschamps, "Kid" Roy, Elzear Rioux, Georges Girardin, Paul Lehaye, Danny Coogan, Joe McKean, etc.

Chris Newton will meet Jimmy Goodrich of Buffalo at Toronto, Labor Day. Ralph McNaughton will probably meet Aleck Burly of Toronto to decide the flyweight championship of Canada which McNaughton claims.

Sammy Pierce, local bantam, who was forced out of the game for nine months with a broken right hand, made his return to the ring at Quebec recently against Kid Williams. Pierce will meet Eugene Demers, his local rival, in the near future.

After ten rounds of fast, furious, rip-tearing fighting, Oscar Deschamps of this city, and Frankie Bull of Toronto, failed to decide the lightweight championship of Canada, for which they fought. Ted Cossette scored a technical K. O. over Jim Gillan of Scotland in the third round of the semi-final, and Joe McKean, another boy from the land of the Heather, won from George Bolduc of Lewiston, Me., who was substituting for Ralph McNaughton, who appeared with a badly swollen hand, the result of a bout two nights previous at Quebec. Chris Newton of Toronto challenged the winner of the main bout and was given a great ovation by the fans. Newton will meet the winner in the near future.

BOXING IN HAVANA
By HAROLD WALSH

The boxing game has a firm hold in Havana, Cuba, and at the present time is the foremost sport. There are three promoters here and shows are held twice per week. The leading promoter is Santiago Fernandez, who employs Jimmy Luke, an American, as his matchmaker, and it is Luke who is importing the leading American boxers here.

Jack Renault made a big hit here when he knocked out Ferrio, the Cuban champion, in two rounds. Ferrio is a fighter of the Firpo type but he was very easy for Leo Flynn's Canadian champion.

Harry Krohn, the crack Akron 160 pounder, is here training and is matched with Esparragueara, the Cuban light heavy champion, for the next show at Marina stadium. The winner of this match will box Tiger Flowers, the colored sensation of Atlanta, Ga. Then Luke plans to match the winner of this match with Jeff Smith or Frank Carbone.

Norm Genet, Akron boy, is the next United States battler to invade the Island. He is matched with Lester Lara and Ponce De Leon, both Cubans.

Jimmy Luke has made arrangements for both Benny Leonard and Rocky Kansas to display their wares here. Kansas in September and Leonard in November.

The biggest card in Cuba is Panama Joe Gans of New York who defeated Nero Chink in his only start here a year ago. All three promoters are anxious to use him but Panama is in some sort of a jam and at present is tied up with one promoter, but refuses to box for him and thus cannot box for the others who are very anxious to use him.

NOTES OF NEW JERSEY
By DAVE SMITH

Joey "Spark Plug" Russell, the sensational flyweight of Newark, is still going strong. His latest victories were scored over Ernie Bedau, flyweight champion of France; Bobby Burns and Sammy Cohen, of New York. Russell had Bedau down for the count seven times.

The Broad A. C. of Newark is now arranging a bout between "Sparky" and Pancho Villa.

Jack McFarland, the Duane crack lightweight is being brought along rapidly by Johnny Anthes, the Elizabeth, N. J., business man who made Champion Mickey Walker. Anthes handled Mickey from his first fight until he was ready to meet Jack Britton, when a heated argument broke up a good combination.

McFarland gave Sammy Sterns a neat trimming in a ten-round bout at the Broad A. C. in Newark, August 2d.

Joe Manning of Elizabeth, who gave Joey "Spark Plug" Russell a good fight at Harrison, N. J., would like to have another crack at "Sparky." Manning is also under the direction of Anthes.

Gus Troxler is packing the Broad Arena with his weekly shows. The fans never fail to see plenty of action for their money. In addition to giving each boy a bonus who scores a K. O., Troxler is creating a champion in each division for the state of New Jersey, which makes the boys put forth their best efforts in every bout.

Irish Fagan, who has met all the best middleweights in the game, including Mike Gibbons and Tommy McAleer is still giving a good account of himself.

Fagan is a pleasing fighter and is getting plenty of work around New Jersey. Irish is after a bout with Jimmy Finley, at Louisville, Ky., and if Finley will meet Fagan the bout will be staged some time this Fall.

The first boy to be crowned champion by Troxler was Patsy Nelson, a lightweight, and he is some champion. He carries a K. O. punch in either hand and is as clever as they make them.

Nelson's latest victim was Larry Roach, whom he rocked to sleep in the fifth round of a ten-round bout.

Harry Mason, the best lightweight that New Jersey has produced in several moons has been fighting through the West for the last month and has met with considerable success. His next fight will be in Newark. Gus Troxler is trying to get an opponent for Mason that will be capable of giving him a good fight. After two or three bouts in Jersey, Dave Smith, his manager, will take Mason down South to fill a number of engagements.

Benny Cross is a clever little bantam that has been defeating his opponents with ease.

This boy is under the direction of George Rittenger, one of the best trainers of fighters in the game, who is sure to bring him to the top of the bantam class. George is ready to put him up against the best bantams in the game, but is having considerable trouble in getting bouts for him around Jersey, as none of the boys care to meet him.

LOUISVILLE NEWS
By RAY

Louisville's Clubs (the Jefferson and Broadway) have been drawing very good crowds and interest in the game is far above last summer, the Broadway, holding its show at the Bowl, has been having record-breaking attendance.

The Jefferson, using the ball park, has been having a little tough luck. Rain has made them postpone a couple of shows, which hurt the attendance.

Joe Pegalini seems to be Louisville's only real prospect to get any way near a championship. Joe hasn't met a reverse since last summer, going through the winter and so far this summer without losing a match. Joe fights about every three weeks and has K .O.'d a third of his opponents. His victory in three rounds over Freddy Boorde gives him a logical claim to the featherweight championship of the South. He defeated in order, Stanley Meegan of New Orleans, Jack Kelly of McKeesport, and Johnny Lisse of New York.

Frankie Jones, who formerly made his home here, is now fighting out of Indianapolis, but Cincinnati seems to be his lucky spot. He defeated Young Jack Dillon, Joe Anderson and Earl Butler in less than two months.

Billy Cecil returns to the ring after a long layoff, and has run his victory string to five. Billy has defeated all the local boys at 112 and the promoters have to go out of town to get boys for him. A year ago Billy was an awful green boy, but he has a fighting heart and plenty of determination and has learned through the hard school of experience, and is now ready for the semi-final class.

Soldier Buck, local representaitve in the middleweight division, is boxing in top form. On June 8, Buck met Dutch Seifert in Stuttgart, Ark., Buck winning on a foul in the eighth. Two weeks later they were rematched and Buck handed his heavier opponent an artistic lacing and won easily over the ten-round route.

Making his first start in his home town in three months, Buck scored a knockout victory over Pat Travers of Cincinnati in the fifth round. Buck is an improved boy and will make any of the middles step.

Roy Richards, who is now handling Buck's business, has several bouts already booked and many offers. Needless to say that Buck will put in a busy fall and winter.

Jimmy Finley, local welter, fooled a lot of the wiseacres around town by not only staying the limit with Tim Droney, but carried the fight to the Lancaster harp and was only shaded at the finish.

Jackie Dugan, the fast-coming bantam, who has been beating them all, run into a reverse in his last bout. Jackie is a fast stepping and clever boy, but Frankie Porto of McKeesport, Pa. (Chas. Jones's stable) showed Jackie not only how to step, but how to sock also. Porto, although only a youngster, showed wonderful ring generalship and used his head like an experienced old timer.

Geo. Meyer, the fighting fireman, returned to the ring after a layoff caused by a broken hand, and showed the effect of the rest. He was shaded by Jimmy Dell, also of Louisville. These boys will be rematched over a longer route, then perhaps there will be a different story. Heaving coal has sure given George a wonderful sock.

Willie Ames and Red McDonald treated the local fans to one of the fastest ten-round bouts ever seen in these parts. Ames received the unanimous verdict from all newspapers. But it sure was a bout worth going miles to see. Ames wanted to take on Pegalini, but the bout fell through. Joe doesn't want boys over 126.

Jackie Dugan's defeat of Willie Sullivan of Cincinnati was another ring masterpiece. Sullivan had defeated Jackie in Cincy but Jack got plenty of revenge when he got Willie in his own back yard, taking six of the ten rounds.

Kid Sparks, of Terre Haute, put a crimp into Harry Forbes' string of local victories, defeating him over the ten-round route. Sparks has a right hand that is a beauty and he sure knows how to use it. Mickey O'Dowd and Frankie Schmalzer of Milwaukee, will head the next card at the Broadway.

PHILIPPINE BOXING NOTES
By CARMELO P. JACINTO

The victory of Pancho Villa over ex-fly champion, Jimmy Wilde, was celebrated with great enthusiasm and joy throughout the Philippines. Eleven million Filipinos are singing his yet-unequalled triumph over the Mighty Atom. No words can describe the gladness that is reigning in the islands. The long-wished-for dream of the Philippines to have one of her sons as a world's champion has been realized. And so Madre Filipina and Juan de la Cruz are chanting the song of victory, symbolic of their son's, Pancho Villa's, triumph.

The champions of the Philippines are: Joe Suzara, flyweight, who regained his title by defeating Billy Tingle and Frisco Concepcion, claimants, recently; Pete Sarmiento, bantam, who has fought himself out of opponents by masterly beating every title contender (including Suzara himself) to submission; Mac Villon, feather, who has two wins on fouls over Elino Flores (now in the States); and Irineo Flores, brother of Elino, who is the undisputed light and welter champ. We have no middle, light-heavy, or heavyweight battlers because of the inability of the Filipinos to make the weights. All of the above champions, though they may not be world beaters, can give the world titleholders of their divisions close

battles. This is based on the showing Pancho Villa and Elino Flores have made in the United States. Joe Suzara is probably Midget Smith's equal; Pete Sarmiento can give Pancho Villa a close battle and maybe defeat Pal Moore, Frankie Genaro, and "Irish" Johnny Curtain; Mac Villon is but a bit inferior to Eugene Criqui; and Irineo Flores, a very promising lightweight, can give Babe Herman, Bernstein, and Dundee the battles of their lives. This is not praising our own hides, but is estimatedly based on Villa's and Flores' showings there. Maybe some of them are wrong estimates, but they are the closest that can be made.

Some other very promising boys here are: Terry Pandong, a bantam-feather, who is repeatedly challenging Villon for his featherweight title; Leonardo Garcia, the San Pablo Flash; Frisco Concepcion, and Tenebro Santos—flyweights; Mariano Adriano, the Baclaran Bear, featherweight; Kid Pelky, hard-hitting lightweight; and Billy Tingle, fly. All of these are fast improving. All they need to establish themselves at the top of their divisions is a little seasoning and ring generalship.

The recent visitors here are Billy Tingle of Australia; Silvino Jamito, Filipino junior lightweight from Australia; Syd Shannon, American bantam; Don Garcia, another bantam from Hawaii; and Stanley McBride, featherweight. Billy Tingle defeated Concepcion, the Olongapo Flash, but in turn was knocked out by Suzara. Silvino Jamito beat Villon, but in turn also, was outpointed by Irineo Flores, and drew with Kid Pelky. Syd Shannon and Don Garcia were both put to sleep by Sarmiento. Stanley McBride will fight Mac Villon on July 21. What he can do remains to be seen. So far, very few visitors here have won the majority of their bouts. Llew Edwards and Pat Mills, lightweights, are exceptions.

Macario Villon, feather champ, and Pete Sarmiento, bantam chief, will soon invade Australia. Kid Pelky, lightweight; Cowboy Reyes, bantam; and other good local boys will go to the Federated Malay States. When they leave, the good wishes of the Philippines accompany them.

OHIO BOXING NEWS
By GEORGE LEVECQUE

The biggest boxing show of the summer season to be held in Ohio was the one that took place in this city, Columbus, July 30, for the Baby Camp fund, sponsored by the Evening Dispatch and promoted by Nick Albanese and Harry Sully. Seven six-round matches were on the bill and the gate receipts were close to $30,000. The bouts were staged in Neil Park.

Frankie Genaro, flyweight champion, won on a knockout from Buddy Wallace in the fifth round. Phil Bernstein's champion showed wonderful class and is a decided hit in this state. In another bout K. O. Mars of Cincinnati, whom Biddy Bishop will back for $10,000 against any junior lightweight in the world, won the judge's decision over Bud Christiano in six rounds. K. O. Jeakle took a close decision from Tony Zill. Anthony Downey, attempting to box with a broken hand, lost a close verdict to Harry Simmons of Chicago. Billy Ryan of Cincinnati won from Bobby Greene, southern boxer, in six rounds. Jack Wolfe was given the decision over Pete Zivic and Jock Malone, claimant of the middleweight belt, stopped Jack Rivers, the South American, in one round.

After paying the boxers for their services and covering other expenses it is believed there will be something like $15,000 for the Baby Camp.

In connection with the Baby Camp boxing show an interesting piece of news has developed. It appears that Bud Christiano's new managers immediately following the contest between Christiano and Mars wired to Philadelphia newspapers stating that Christiano had been "given the referee's decision in 10 rounds over Mars." This came to the attention of Mars' manager and he has sent word to the boxing commission here asking that body to investigate the matter and force a denial from Christiano's business agent who evidently doesn't adhere strictly to honest-to-goodness facts.

A contest that attracted a whopper crowd was the one held July 24 between Jock Malone and Anthony Downey. The gate went close to $9,000 and the contest was a good one. Malone held the advantage in the early rounds but as the bout progressed Downey got better and was easily the stronger at the finish. The judges awarded the decision to Malone.

Prior to this contest Downey had knocked out Jimmy King in seven rounds at New Orleans July 16 and had whipped Bud McHale in ten rounds at St. Louis July 19. Five days later he boxed Malone.

Chief Halftown, the Indian middleweight, is being touted at Dayton, O., as a comer. The Indian has been boxing with fair success the past two years but is just starting to come fast now and at Dayton, where boxing followers are familiar with his record, he is said to be a favorite. Halftown's last four contests in the east resulted in knockouts in his favor.

Wild Bill Reed, the heavyweight boxer who has been making his home in Columbus for some months, was defeated by Joe Lohman, of Toledo, in a 12-round match in that city recently. Lohman was to have boxed Bob Fitzsimmons at Cincinnati early in August but the match was called off.

Announcements are made in Cincinnati newspapers to the effect that Bill Ryan and Anthony Downey are to box again, August 27. These two great rivals met at Cincinnati last December and after a spirited contest of 12 rounds it was declared a draw. They drew the biggest gate of any contest ever held in Cincinnati, amounting to $15,436.50 and there were 4,000 persons who could not gain entrance turned away. If they box this time at the baseball park, where the seating capacity is unlimited, they may attract $25,000 to the gate.

Contests are being held every Monday night at the Riverside Arena, Covington, Ky., just across the river from Cincinnati. Some excellent matches are being held there and the crowds are big. Recently, when Jock Malone defeated Frank Carbone there the house was packed.

Mike O'Rourke, popular Columbus boxing promoter, has been trying to match Bobby Greene, southern lightweight, with K. O. Mars of Cincinnati. He also wishes to put in Anthony Downey and Harry Simmons, making it a double attraction. Biddy Bishop, manager for Mars and Downey, is holding the matches up and from the way it looks they will not be made.

Tommy Walsh, the Chicago manager of boxers, who comes here frequently with Jock Malone and other ring notables, has severed his business connections with Bud Christiano.

Phil O'Dowd, the local bantamweight boxer, is working better today than at any time during his career. Phil has numerous offers for work but none of the top notchers care to tackle him.

REMARKABLE TRIBUTE TO RING POPULARITY

A remarkable tribute to the universal popularity of The Ring, America's foremost boxing magazine, is contained in the list of one week's subscriptions sent to the office.

In one week fifty-seven new subscribers sent their names to The Ring. These new Ring readers, of course, did not include the countless numbers who obtain the magazine from dealers.

The fifty-seven names added to the subscription list of The Ring in the last week are from cities in all parts of the world.

Among the countries represented are the Dominion of Canada, Cuba, Denmark, Philippine Islands, Trinidad, B. W. I.; England, Colombia, France.

The wide variety of places not only attests to the strength in numbers of followers of the fighting game, but also to the fact that the fans, far and wide, prefer The Ring when they read about their favorite sport.

The Ring contends that no other sporting magazine can show in its subscription lists such a universal circulation. This is no idle boast. The books of The Ring can show in black and white that the facts here related are true and not merely figures of fancy set down to lure readers.

The Ring's lure lies in its qual-

(Continued on page 38)

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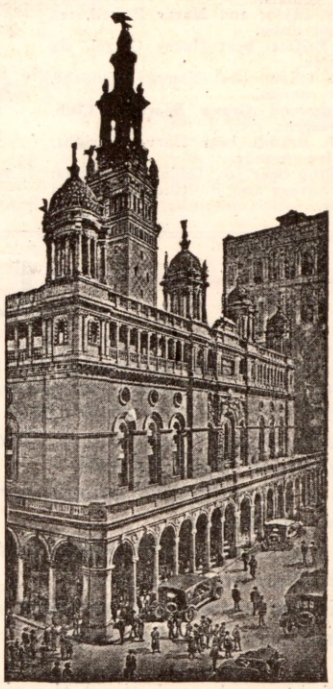

Largest Amusement Arena in the World

BOXING RESULTS.

(*Continued from page 25*)

3—West New York Playgrounds, West New York, N. J.:
Mike McTigue beat Tommy Loughran, twelve rounds.
Joe Lynch beat Battling Reddy, twelve rounds.
Larry Regan beat Billy Fitzsimmons, eight rounds.
George Mulholland beat Jackie Brown, six rounds.

3—Kingsboro A. A., Brooklyn:
Phil Bloom beat Harry Galfund, twelve rounds.
Happy Mahoney beat Charley Pappas, ten rounds.
Herb Brodie beat Italian Joe Dempsey, ten rounds.

3—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Savoila beat Joe Zink, eight rounds.
Dave Medar beat Frank Otto, eight rounds.
Leroy Powell and Willie Galligan, eight round draw.
Tommy Chip and Morris Meola, eight round draw.

3—Broad A. C., Newark:
Sammy Mossberg beat Al Delmont, ten rounds.
Joey Spark Plug Russell beat Sammy Cohen, ten rounds.
Jack McFarland beat Sammy Stearns, ten rounds.
Irish Fagen beat Lew Seltzer, ten rounds.

3—McGuigans, Harrison, N. J.:
Billy Murphy beat Frank Farren, twelve rounds.
Johnny Holmes knocked out Larry Henson, four rounds.
Frankie Gargone beat Billy White, ten rounds.

3—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Ad Stone knocked out K. O. Sanson, three rounds.
Harry Mulcahy beat Joe Ritchie, ten rounds.

4—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach:
Pat Mills beat Joe Tiplitz, twelve rounds.
Jackie Gordon beat Charley Delacarti, six rounds.
Bobby Ransom beat Freddy Locke, six rounds.
Harry Gaba beat Benny Hertz, six rounds.
Joe Framcisco beat Willie Tucker, four rounds.

4—Omaha, Neb.
Luis Firpo beat Homer Smith, ten rounds.

4—Savannah, Ga.:
Capt. Bob Roper beat Jack Douglass, two rounds.

4—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Larry Estridge knocked out Mort Seligman, three rounds.
Jack McVey beat Marty Summers, ten rounds.
Sandy Taylor and Marty Powell, ten round draw.
Lew Perfetti beat Harry Getzel, six rounds.
Eddie Oliver beat Sammy Schacht, four rounds.

4—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Dutch Brandt beat Harvey Bright, twelve rounds.
Vic Brog beat Joe Tobin, six rounds.
Joey Silvers and Joe Glick, six round draw.
Ralph Espersito beat Danny Garbett, six rounds.
Jackie Harris beat Eddie Weiss, four rounds.

5—Havana, Cuba:
Jack Renault knocked out Antolin Fierro, two rounds.

6—Oakland A. A., Jersey City:
Terry McHugh and Frankie Conway, ten round draw.
Wee Wee Burns and Jack Feldman, ten round draw.
Lew Goldberg beat Dodo Jackson, ten rounds.

6—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island:
Willie Shaw beat Buddy Saunders, twelve rounds.
Billy Fitzsimmons beat Billy Murphy, ten rounds.

6—Troy, N. Y.:
Phil Krug beat George Perotta, ten rounds.
Joe Burton beat Freddie Lux, six rounds.

6—Lancaster, Pa.:
Len Brenner beat Jack McGovern, twelve rounds.

6—Covington, Ky.:
Jock Malone beat Frankie Carbone, twelve rounds.

6—Toledo, O.:
Battling Budd and K. O. Jeakle, twelve round draw.

6—Atlantic City:
Al Gordon and Eddie Ochs, ten round draw.

6—Scranton, Pa.:
Ty Coleman knocked out Tiny Trinkle, eight rounds.

6—Nashua, N. H.:
Frankie Quill knocked out Bert Schneider, third round.

7—Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City:
Pepper Martin lost on a foul to Kid Sullivan, eight rounds.
Pat Walsh beat Billy Houlihan, twelve rounds.
Canasota Bob beat Dave Weber, six rounds.
August Pisano and Jack Mallon, six round draw.
Eddie Lee beat Charley Eichler, four rounds.

8—San Francisco:
Henry Melcar beat Jimmy O'Hagen, three rounds.
Billy Gibs beat Racehorse Roberts, four rounds.
George Gibbons beat Sammy Olsen, four rounds.
Young Rizzo beat Harry Scott, four rounds.
Eddie Kelley beat Young Zulu Kid, four rounds.
Mark Judge and Johnny Roach, four round draw.
Cap Nelson beat Ad Remy, four rounds.

8—San Francisco:
Joe Monohan beat Johnny Mullens, four rounds.
Fred Sullivan beat Soldier Burke, four rounds.

9—Allentown, Pa.:
Frank Carbone beat Andy Kid Palmer, ten rounds.
Eddie Revoire beat Frank Yarchan, ten rounds.

9—Velodrome, New York City:
Jack Bernstein and Pal Moran, ten round draw.
Frankie Jerome beat Danny Edwards, ten rounds.
Kid Kaplan knocked out Tommy Noble, seven rounds.
Sid Terris beat Tony Palmer, six rounds.
Corporal Schwartz beat Willie La Morte, four rounds.

9—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach:
Johnny Nichols knocked out George Werner, four rounds.

9—Harrison, N. J.:
George Mulholland knocked out Jack Brown, three rounds.

9—Paterson, N. J.:
Terry McHugh beat Claude Wilson, twelve rounds.

11—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Carl Duane knocked out Marty Collins, two rounds.
Willie Singer beat Joe La Bate, twelve rounds.
Al Fox knocked out Joe White, second round.
Henry Shaw beat Jack Tilyou, six rounds.

11—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Larry Estridge knocked out Jerome Bard, two rounds.
Frankie Cronin beat Denny Lyons, eight rounds.
Bobby Green beat Johnny Clark, eight rounds.
Dick Gallagher beat Tony Marto, eight rounds.

11—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Frankie Curley beat Vincent Salvatore, twelve rounds.
Tommy Lynch beat Charley Kid Kohler, twelve rounds.
Willie Dillion knocked out Sid Burt, two rounds.
Tommy Fuddy knocked out Joe Russo, two rounds.
Henry Faligano and Jimmy Dunning, four rounds.
Johnny Lawson beat Bud Fisher, four rounds.
Benny Silva beat Lou Richards, four rounds.
Art Emory knocked out Archie Barnes, second round.

11—Long Branch, N. J.:
Frankie Pitcher knocked out Al Brown, seven rounds.
Carl Morris beat Charley Clark, eight rounds.
Joey Baker beat Lester Appelbaum, six rounds.

ANOTHER FILIPINO BOXER ARRIVES IN U. S.

The Filipinos have sent another champion to our shores, the latest arrival being Pete Sarmiento, bantam title holder of the Orient. Pete, who arrived in San Francisco on the President Madison on August 7, reached New York just in time to see a news item to the effect that Billy Tingle had won the championship of the Orient by defeating Leon Garcia, of Manila, in a twelve-round bout, and smilingly remarked:

"That is not so. Tingle is an Australian, who is not a first class boxer, and Garcia is no title holder in the Philippines. Here are my papers to prove that I am the champion."

Sarmiento is handled by Frank Churchill, manager of Pancho Villa, Mike Ballerino and Elino Flores. He has an impressive record and expects to give as good an account of himself in this country as Villa has. His class is demonstrated by the fact that he fought a fifteen-round decision bout in Manila with Villa and lost on points. Pete declares the bout was the best he ever fought and was a slashing contest from start to finish. His record follows:

He was born in Florida, Blanca, Philippines, on October 15, 1901. He is five feet three inches high and weighs 118 pounds. He has a reach of sixty-eight and one-half inches.

TRIBUTE TO RING

(*Continued from page 37*)

ity alone. Its name and fame are spreading over the world.

Included among the subscribers are: Jules Dube, Quebec, Canada; A. N. Love, Vancouver, B. C., Canada; Santos Y. Artigas, Havana, Cuba; Vor True Boglade, Copenhagen, Denmark; D. E. Rosado, Santa Marta, Colombia; Jose Ruiviviar, Albay, Philippine Islands; M. E. Trimingham, Trinidad, British West Indies; J. H. Lambert, London, England; Austin and Salt, Seattle, Wahsington; Kid Alberts, Beckley, West Virginia; E. W. Bragington, Ligonier, Indiana; Mario E. Barrige, Bogota, Colombia; M. J. Cohen, Denver, Colorado; Billie Dale, Portland, Oregon; U. S. Veterans Hospital, Walla Walla, Washington; C. C. M'Dermond, Republic of Panama; Charles L. Martin, Represa, California; Elmer M'Dowell, Saint Joseph, Missouri; Augustin Parla, Havana, Cuba; Damaso E. Rosado, Santa Marta, Colombia; Ray R. Rickner, Okeene, Oklahoma; Leon See, Paris, France; K. Jadoonanan, Trinidad, British West Indies; M. L. Knight, Minniewaukan, North Dakota, and E. Spencer Weaver, Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

Leonard vs. Tendler

(Immediately after the opening bell the two gladiators fell into a clinch and glanced about the house.—From a story of the fight.)

THE fighters fell into a clinch and glanced about the hall
As if to count the full amount men paid to see the brawl.
They knew the battle might be fast—that one might hit the floor—
But if the crowd had not been vast it would have hurt them more.

The fighters glanced about the ring and past the ringside chairs,
Where sat the sporting writers and the bloated millionaires.
How typical that sentence of all boxers, great or small—
"The fighters fell into a clinch and glanced about the hall."

Of course, we know that pugilists care little for long green
And mostly fight for glory, smiling if the purse be lean.
But this would sort of indicate they like the wherewithal:
"The fighters fell into a clinch and glanced about the hall."

'Tis not so very funny when two fighters look about
To estimate the money that the fans are shelling out.
No better way to start a fight description we recall
Than "The fighters fell into a clinch and glanced about the hall."

—WILLIAM F. KIRK,
New York Evening Journal.

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Peter Jackson vs. Peter Maher
Fitzsimmons vs. Jeffries
Corbett vs. Fitzsimmons
Ketchell vs. Johnson
Ad Wolgast vs. Willie Ritchie
Kilbane vs. Abe Attell
Corbett vs. Terry McGovern
Ad Wolgast vs. Battling Nelson
Johnson vs. Jeffries
Johnson vs. Willard
Carpentier vs. Joe Jeannette
Dempsey vs. Willard
Carpentier vs. Levinsky
Pete Herman vs. Jimmy Wilde
Dempsey vs. Carpentier
Carpentier vs. Beckett
Billy Miske vs. Jack Dempsey
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Leonard vs. Richie Mitchell
Abe Goldstein vs. Johnny Buff
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Battling Siki vs. Georges Carpentier
Luis Firpo vs. Bill Brennan
Joe Beckett vs. Dick Smith
Jack Dempsey vs. Fred Fulton
Harry Grebe vs. Gene Tunney
Mickey Walker vs. Jack Britton
Benny Leonard vs. Evers Hammer
Lew Tendler vs. Benny Leonard
Georges Carpentier vs. Marcel Nilles
Jack Dempsey vs. Bill Brennan
Joe Lynch vs. Pal Moore
Jack Britton vs. Benny Leonard
Pete Herman vs. Johnny Buff
Benny Leonard vs. Joe Welling
Mike O'Dowd vs. Johnny Wilson
Abe Goldstein vs. Pancho Villa
Ted Kid Lewis vs. Johnny Basham
Luis Firpo vs. Jack McAuliffe
Fred Fulton vs. Jack Renault
Jess Willard vs. Floyd Johnson
Johnny Dundee vs. Jack Bernstein
Johnny Kilbane vs. Eugene Criqui
Wilde vs. Villa
Dempsey vs. Gibbons

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Jim Jeffries vs. Tom Sharkey
Tommy Ryan vs. Jim Dineen
Terry McGovern vs. Frank Erne
Terry McGovern vs. Eddie Hanlon
Jack Johnson vs. Terry McGovern
Jim Jeffries vs. Bob Fitzsimmons
Jem Belcher vs. Tom Cribb
Daniel Mendoza vs. George Humphries
Young Corbett vs. Aurelio Herrera
Jim Jeffries vs. Bob Armstrong
Joe Jeanette vs. Jim Stewart
Tommy Murphy vs. Dick Hyland
Pat O'Keefe vs. Owen Moran
Johnny Summers vs. Owen Moran
Tom Johnson vs. Isaac Perrins
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Bob Fitzsimmons and Battling Nelson
Jack Johnson and Harry Wills
Joe Jeannette and Young Pete Jackson
George Dixon and Joe Gans and Joe Wolcott
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Country								
America	Dempsey	Tunney	Wilson	Walker	Leonard	Kilbane	Lynch	Genaro
England	Beckett	Bloomfield	Todd	(Vacant)	Mason	Fox	Lake	Wilde
France	Siki	Morelle	Charles	Porcher	Bretonnel	Criqui	Ledoux	Gleizes
Belgium	Van Humbeck	Julios	Devos	Hobin	Germain	Wyns	Scillie	Montreuil
Holland	Van Der Veer	Westbroeck	Westbroeck	Van derHoff	Van derHoff	Van Vliet	Van Dyke	(Vacant)
Italy	Spalla	Contro	Bruno	Bosisio	Sarboni	(Vacant)	Bosetti	Marzorati
Germany	Breittenstraeter	Buckzum	Prenzel	(Vacant)	Naujocks	Sasse	Grass	Kohler
Spain	Teixidor	Molero	Carlos	Haas	Zaldwar	Miro	(Vacant)	Ferrand
Switzerland	Clement	Clement	Baechli	Maestrini	Baas	Simeth	(Vacant)	(Vacant)
Europe	Spalla (Italy)	McTigue (Ireland)	Todd (England)	Hobin (Belgium)	Mason (England)	Criqui (France)	Lake (England)	Montreuil (Belgium)

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